THE MIRROR

H. W. BOLTON

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REV. H. W. BOLTON, D. D.

FRED. J YOUNGQUIST.

THE MIRROR

ADDRESSES

—BY—

H. W. BOLTON.

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DEDICATION.

This work is affectionately dedicated to the members of Choirs who have so ably supported me in the several Chuches where the Addresses were delivered.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

The discourses that make up this volume were originally written as a series of sermons, entitled "Faults as Seen by Others."

Following a plan suggested by the work of Dr. Miller, of Philadelphia, the author sent out letters requesting a candid statement of the faults of pulpit and pew, of young men and young women, of parents and children. The following chapters are based largely upon the answers to these letters.

In putting forth this little book, the author is aware that no epithet is more opprobrious than that of fault-finding, therefore he wishes to call the reader's attention to two classes of fault-finders. There are those who go about peering and prying into the pitiable weaknesses of frail humanity, and at each discovery maliciously and exultingly crying out, "Eureka! here is another fault!" On the other hand, there are those who cannot help but see a friend's usefulness crippled and his good

intentions thwarted by a fault of whose existence he is not aware, and they do him the true kindness to show him the blight upon his soul's growth.

It is not an easy thing to do, for the author questions if any person living enjoys having his faults rehearsed, yet it is the best service any one can render the one who desires to rid himself of his errors.

Brutus says candidly to his dearest friend: "I do not like your faults." "A friendly eye would never see such faults," retorts the petulent Cassius. To which the manly Brutus replies: "A flatterer's would not, though they did appear as huge as high Olympus."

There is too much fulsome flattery in the social world. What we need is the courage of a Brutus to hold up before a friend's gaze a true picture of himself, however painful it may be for us to exhibit it, or for him to look upon it. No doubt it is far more pleasing to look upon a delicately tinted water-color portrait of ourselves than upon a photograph taken by the X-ray process, yet if a deadly bullet were lodged somewhere near the heart, it would be exposed

by the hideous X-ray photograph and not by the tinted water-color.

It is related of a certain author that, before putting forth a new edition of a book, he sent copies to the best literary critics with the request: "Please criticise remorselessly, for I want the new edition to be as nearly perfect as possible." Every day is the publication of a new edition of our lives. Let us not put it forth blindly trusting in our own infallibility, but rather court the kindly criticism that leads us toward perfection.

FIRST ADDRESS.

Young Men as Seen by Ladies.

"Cleanse Thou me from Secret Faults."

—Ps. 19-20.

"Shrink not brothers: will Ye yield;
Will ye quit the painful field."

O! what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly dressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave!
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

—Young.

'Twas in this form the great Immanuel
Revealed himself; the apostolic twelve,
Like those who since have ministered the word,
Were men. 'Tis a great thing to be a man.

J. G. Holland.

YOUNG MEN AS SEEN BY LADIES.

"Oft in life's stillest shock reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in a watching mind.
Meek souls there are, who little dream,
Their daily deeds are angels' theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

—John Keble.

Man must see himself and know of his needs before he can appreciate the help within his reach.

THE BOOK.

There is in "The Book" given of God evidence of knowledge concerning our needs with some unseen intelligence. None can read it without being impressed with the fact that some had knew of our coming, and the needs that would be developed. If overtaken with guilt there is pardon with Him whom God hath exalted to remain at His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentence to Israel and

forgiveness of sins. Here is cleansing for the unclean, cheer for the sick, hope for the dying and solace for the afflicted. I have never found a man who, on coming to the light, did not find that his every thought and feeling had been registered by the Infinite, nor have I heard of a man so benighted by sin, dwarfed by wicked practices or hardened by indifference as to silence the voice of God, who is constantly calling men to behold themselves, and the possibility of becoming companions with angels in the home of deity, hence I invite all who may read this chapter to look with God's mirror for a few minutes. While others portray their faults in view of revelation, denunciation and cleansing; not that I think of you personally as having faults, needing light to disclose or reveal them, but as representatives of a multitude less favored than you are, who may be indifferent to the blemishes seen by others, such as deprive them of much that God designed they should have, and such as will finally shut them out of His society and the companionship of the redeemed.

SECRET FAULTS.

Faults may be so hidden as to be unknown to

wearer and observer, both are often surprised beyond measure to find them secretly working on the young man of promise and hope.

Alexander Smith once said: "What strangers we are to ourselves." There are unexplored depths in every heart. It is written "no man by searching can find out God." With equal propriety we may write no man by searching can find out man. He must disclose or go unknown to all who sojourn with him.

COLUMBUS OF THE SOUL.

It will take some Columbus of the Soul, with Square and Compass, Light and Truth, to locate the islands, forests and caves of the human consciousness from whence some of the thoughts and suggestions that come trooping into our minds originate or reside.

REVELATIONS.

Secret yet ruinous. Some years ago a gentlemen going through the old world was overtaken by night and crawled into an old deserted castle. Being weary he soon fell asleep. A heavy pressure on the chest awakened him, and at that moment the moon shone in through the crevices of

the wall to reveal a large serpent on his bosom. He saw his danger, sprang and escaped. Surely he was safer after he saw his condition than before. So is every one having faults better off after he knows of them and sees them than having them unawares; or being ignorant of them.

Then there are faults known to us curtained in privacy, housed in sacred cloisters into which none are ever invited. They are held from popular gaze while others know of them of whom we are ignorant. They are too sacred ever to be referred to and we wish we might remove them, bury them in some quiet grave, unknown, unseen and alone.

TO BE BURIED.

Go into the presence of the Most High, and settle all the secrets as secrets, and he will forgive if guilt be found therein. He will cleanse if in cherishing the spirit has become impure. He will banish if they trouble thee. Matthew 6-6. 1st John 7-9. Ps. 103-12. "But if for any reason they be cherished they will grow into sightliness, publish themselves and advertise the reason for their presence." It is this that makes

men so willing to say of themselves that which it would not be safe for others to say of them.

"CLEANSE THOU ME."

This word cleanse is borrowed from the law. It means more than the renovation of the heart. It means a judicial equipment which every one may have who confesses his sins and acknowledges his faults. What then are some of the faults seen by ladies.

The first and chief fault of our young men in this age is a false conception of their responsibilities and obligations. Many of them seem to think nothing has ever been settled or ever can be until they take it in hand. Their chief business is to point out the mistakes of those who preceded them, and their ability to correct them. I do not sympathize with Miss Lillian Bell in all that she has written. She is often too sweeping and indiscriminate. She says "the young men of today never take their eyes off themselves. Some of them find the study of themselves so fascinating that they cannot leave off." Such a young man will fully endorse Pope's lines, "The proper study of mankind is man," and he is that

man. Join in his pursuit if you will; show the wildest enthusiasm in his golf record, or how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee, and he will not evince any surprise. You are only showing your good taste. You may hold his attention for a few moments while you eulogize his greater weakness, but he believes it all so thoroughly that even that soon bores him.

Try to talk to a man under thirty-five on any subject except himself! Bait him with different topics of universal interest and try to pursuade him to leave his own point of view long enough to look through the eyes of the world, and then notice the blind stupidity with which he avoids your dexterous efforts, and mentally lies down to worry his Ego again, like a dog with a bone. The only thing I can think of to take his mind off of himself, is to build a fire under him. The conceit of one of these men is the most colossal specimen of psycholigical architecture in existence. As a social study, when I have him under the microscope, I can enjoy this. I revel in it just as I do a view of the ocean or the heavens at night—anything so vast that I cannot see to the end of it. *Not so.* I have

not found it thus, but the flippancy with which some young men criticise and denounce the achievements of their fathers, boast of their intellectuality and the confidence with which they rely on their newly constructed theories, especially in political, judicial and theological interests, leads one to think there is some ground for this criticism.

WAIT.

We are all glad to admit that the advance guards of scientific research has thrown a new light on works once held sacred and declared to be authentic and credible, but our young men are not always careful to wait until the windows are all open and some fact has been established contradictory to the decisions of the fathers before they denounce all standards and cry out against those which have stood amid the shifting scenes of time unmoved.

Modesty would suggest that reformers and reconstructors wait until the new light touch some valley beyond the peaks of vision and give us some new discovery before they denounce the old. Young men will do well to recall the fact

that the kaleidoscope of time is still turning. Subsequent revelations may swing their creations back on the old foundations as the sure word of prophesy and their speculations pass away in the breeze of the morning.

SCIENTISTS,

Had the scientist settled the question of all forms moving southward by the measurements and observations at Bunker Hill and Washington monuments in the evening as the sun set, he might have felt all who did not agree with him fools, for they had swung south half an inch during the day, but he waited until morning and found at sunrise that they were both back in place again.

DANGER.

Just here is great danger, there is but a narrow margin between reliance and conceit. He who has had repeated successes in the use of certain methods is almost sure to be filled with a self-confidence most helpful and even commendable, but he may cross the line from confidence to conceit by thinking or feeling that he can accomplish the same things in all fields. He

who feels that he can run a church by use of the methods that have given him success in the present is very likely to fail, for every church is a problem to be solved by the use of the facts in hand; no physician can use precisely the same remedies successfully with all patients, and this law holds good in all fields; therefore it becometh all men of all professions to be modest in their prophecies and to increase confidence and escape conceit by testing their methods and comparing their lives with the lives of superiors.

DECLINED THE TITLE.

In the second century, the church of Lyons was fearfully persecuted. Cast into narrow and foul dungeons, in which many suffered tortures and all were weakened, yet when addressed as martyrs, they declined the title, saying "that title belongs to Christ first, and only to such as actually endure tortures and agony for the gospel's sake. We are but confessors poor and lonely; we humbly entreat that continued prayer be offered in our behalf."

FIRST CHAPTERS.

It would be well if we could all learn that

God has not put all the good things into the first chapters of life. He has left some mountain visions, ocean depths and hidden mines for ages and made experience the means of securing them.

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

The second fault mentioned by most of the ladies to whom we wrote was that of a false estimate of woman's position in and worth to society. There is a tendency toward the treatment of women as equals, and because of that there may be an omission of those little delicate attentions that once characterized the truly gallant young man; but this, I believe, is the result of woman's advance in society, and the taking on of those prerogatives which were once held as sacred to man.

Change in office and relation may make it appear as though man had lost all respect for women. For instance, once a gentleman felt himself too mean to be tolerated if he sat in the car or parlor and suffered a lady to stand; but at that time woman was looked on as the weaker and her appeal was the cry of weakness, a motive women themselves would spurn today, for

they feel themselves and often are men's physical peers.

COMMANDING.

Possibly she may have been commanding him in the office to do certain things such as kept him all day upon his feet while she sat in a chair and gave directions through the telephone or by some messenger, and in such a case he ought to sit and she can afford to stand.

MISTAKES.

Then there are two grave mistakes growing out of a perversion or misapprehension of Christian advancement.

First, there are a large company of young men who look on women as a means of amusement; to such her personal appearance, power to please, entertain and gratify, regardless of mental or moral ability, is the one question and the one thing she strives for; secondly, the rescuing of women from slavery by the preaching of the gospel has led many to look on her as an idol to be worshiped. Neither of these can be pleasing to a sensible woman, for there is a conviction in every womanly heart that she was given of God

not for frivolty or idolatry, but as a friend, companion, helpmeet and equal to man, and I believe every man who honors his mother, respects his sister, will look on woman in that light, for he who speaks sluringly, disrespectfully or fails to do that which his relations required, for woman's happiness, dishonors himself, his mother, and brings reproach to the name of his sex.

THIRD FAULT.

Thirdly, the third fault mentioned by these ladies was "want of refinement and gentleness;" that there is a tendency to treat all gentleness as feminine, suited only to women, is true. Some young men seem to think roughness is strength; but no greater mistake was ever made. True gentleness and refinement are always beautiful and the beautiful in man is always strength and manliness. A young man may not know the rules of etiquette prevailing in a city, state or kingdom; he may not be able to pose gracefully in a drawing room or parlor, but he can be a gentleman. Then his every act will show that he has true refinement, and refinement is strength. He will be felt and never start out not knowing what to turn his hands to, or what

profession or calling to enter. He will have some profession or calling, and the question of which will engage his most serious thought and earnest study before coming to any decision. He will seek to be what nature intended him to be. This is of great importance, for if he is anything else, he is worse than nothing. The most utterly false and mischevious notion that has ever obtained a lodgment in the popular mind is the idea that, to be respectable or honorable among men, one must either be a doctor, lawyer, or preacher. The idea has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge, and committed fraud on the potato field. Better a first-class blacksmith, shoemaker or clerk, than a starving preacher, doctor or lawyer.

BOOKS.

Let every young man put away all affectation and seek culture along all lines, reading books from the best authors, spending all his leisure moments with the best minds, and he will find that it goes a long way toward refining the spirit, and the spirit will polish the man and thus fit him for the most critical centers and p osition of the age.

WORTHY AMBITION.

A worthy ambition, such as will shut off unworthy claims, shut out undesirable thoughts, introduce healthy exercise and desirable discipline, is most to be coveted. Better ignorant of the secret of entertainment, the rest of recreation, the revelations of science, the pleasures of wealth, responsibility and fame, than have them all by inheritance and be unable to maintain self respect and honor.

SWISS HUNTER.

There is a story of a Swiss hunter that runs thus: For years he had supported his family by hunting in the mountains and living in a little hut; was afterward induced to give up his abode and move to a cottage which stood beside the pass in the lower Alps. Here he acted as guide and for that service often received liberal rewards. The first time he became possessor of gold it fascinated him and gave him a taste for that pleasure found in hoarding wealth, and one day while hunting he found a cabin in a low mountain nook; he removed a stone so that he might sit beneath the shade of a rock at noontide and eat his lunch. Imagine if you can his

surprise at perceiving a vase filled with gold coin and glittering ore. He became frantic, yea, insane with joy. On his return that night he kept the secret even from his wife. Day after day he visited the place to feast his eyes on the dazzling wealth, he lost interest in home, wife and children. He no longer bounded over the hill in search of game or cared to guide the mountain traveler. His family suffered for want of food. He himself became gloomy, spent his time watching the vase and counting the money. One day as he lay upon the ground, worship ping his treasure, a portion of the rock that formed the cave fell and pinned him to the earth; vainly he struggled and cried for help, but he was too far from the line of march for anyone to hear him, hence he died in agony. Days and weeks were spent by his friends, who finally found the body and the gold coin firmly clutched in his dead fingers.

FOLLY,

The folly of this foolish hunter is so apparent as to almost provoke indignation, and yet it is not less foolish than that class of young men who

spend their whole time in seeking those accomplishments which make them entertaining and attractive as victims to vice. Young men who are always ready to receive without weighing the obligations such gifts levy, forget or never think what the securing of wealth, the elevation to power, the retention of gifts mean in the minds of others, nor to what it may expose them. A donor may give in view of preparing the way to ask a favor, and the receiver may feel when asked that it would be unkind and unmanly to refuse. Nothing can save men under such circumstances, but a holy ambition

TO BE RIGHT

and suffer nothing to deter them from the right that is the only safeguard in such a moment. It will hold the young man steady, though he may grieve the asker, therefore be careful not to accept from the hands of anyone not in sympathy with your motives and principles any present that can establish claims and if you have made that mistake, and find yourself under obligation, cultivate a high and holy ambition sufficient to stand by your principles and return the favor or

gift in some other way. Again, it will shut off evil thoughts such as lead to evil indulgences. The comforts and luxuries of some homes and professions are leaving some young men far down the scale. Things go so pleasantly and easily with them that in the absence of some high goal they pass on through the years of possible advancement to find themselves left with the easy-going self-satisfied multitude, and wonder why they are not called for and chosen to fill positions of trust.

The time has come when this world has no further use or room for men without energy and persistency, therefore let no young man delude himself with the thought I have friends in position who will order my success and see to it that I am put in position to succeed. I want to say to young men, that is false, your friends will not more, they cannot do it.

CARRY YOU.

All systems are so well organized and science is so thoroughly in hand, that no man or party can carry successfully a palsied limb, they demand amputation and enterprise will see to it

that the man or party successfully at work is relieved of all hangers-on. Again, it is well to ask ourselves with somewhat of earnestness whether we have the stamina to meet and successfully overthrow the influences of wealth, fame and worldly honors. Only about three out of a hundred ever have had.

Shall we hastily enter the race and go down with the 97, or studiously strive to rise with the three. Presumption has ruined its millions and "mortals still rush in where angels fear to tread."

FOURTH.

The ladies charge young men with cowardice. None of us will admit this charge without a fight. No soldier was ever made to acknowledge himself a coward; no, not in the most hotly contested battles. But may we not find within us a kind of timidity that the ladies call cowardice from their standpoint.

YOUNG OFFICER.

I went into the army with a brilliant young clergyman who was chosen captain of the company, in which I served. He was just of that nature; the result was he fell, came home a

ruined man. He felt that he could not retain the respect of the officers of the regiment without doing as they did, hence he sipped at the wine, drank, fell. Now, the whole thing is a delusion, ungodly men themselves think more of a boy or man who under such circumstances can say, No, sir; I never drink. The minute one begins to excuse himself and say, "I don't feel very well tonight, but I don't think wine would help me. I think it usually makes me feel worse; you'll excuse me, please, for this time." That man is on the road to ruin; his friends will scorn him and he will hate himself, for every man who has not the courage of his own convictions is at the mercy of all evil from all sources.

MY BOY.

A few years ago at a religious convention in the city of Boston, the subject of temperance came up for discussion and some of the clergy advocated total abstinence, others moderate drinking. A very influential clergyman arose to defend the use of wine as a splendid token of hospitality. As he sat down a layman arose, trembling with emotion. He asked if he might be allowed to speak. Certainly, was the hearty

response. Speak! He said: "Mr. Moderator, it is not my purpose in rising to answer the learned argument to which you have just listened. My object is more humble. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate his beloved son at colloge. Here this son became dissipated, but after he had graduated and returned to his father, the influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father was overjoyed at the prospect that his cherished hopes of other days were to be realized. Several years passed, when the young man, having completed his professional studies, and being about to leave his father to establish himself in business, was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman distinguished for his hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner wine was introduced and offered to the young man, who refused, pressed upon him and again firmly refused. This was repeated and the young man was ridiculed for his singular abstinence. He was strong enough to overcome appetite, but he could not resist ridicule. He drank and fell, and from that moment became a

confirmed drunkard, and long since has found a drunkard's grave.

"Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, "I am that father, and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat that this token of hospitality ruined the son. I shall never cease to mourn." What killed that young man? Cowardice. He could not say no in the presence of and to his pastor.

RIDICULE.

Of the pastor's attitude we speak elsewhere. There are many who fall into the habit of drinking, not because they like it, or have any excuse to offer for indulging in it, but they are invited by friends who have shown them attention and been helpful to them in many ways, and these friends are respected in the community. They ask a young man in the presence of a table full of friends, and the young man hates to deny lest his friends feel insulted. What shall he do? He is sure to be branded.

It is cowardly in either case, by one party for not having stamina enough to take wine and stop at that, and on the other hand for not having

courage enough to stand by his convictions and not take it.

AFRAID OF CRITICISM.

Again there are those who refuse to identify themselves with a good cause and be outspoken in denouncing sin and advocating right, not because they do not believe in the cause and commend others for their course, but they fear the sneers, taunts and comments of their associates.

BOY IN BARRACKS.

During the winter of 1863 in the barracks at Washington, a Christian boy had knelt down to pray before getting into his berth. The boys threw the bootjack and boots at him; he took his grievance to the chaplain, who said to him: "I would not kneel down at my berth; I would get into it and pray quietly." But said the young man: "That would be cowardly." The chaplain told of his adviee to the boy and of course the soldiers watched him on the following night to see what he would do, and he not only knelt down and prayed, but prayed vocally.

The result was the chaplain lost his influence and every man in that barracks was converted

during the winter, and the young boy had the privilege of holding meetings night after night.

NOT FANATIC.

It is possible to be religious and not be fanatic. Self-confident and not conceited, courteous and gentle and not weak and effeminate, refined and not affected, courageous and not daresome, which we will try to show in some future lecture. Never be afraid to stand alone nor apologize for standing thus; stand by your principles; they will carry you over the deepest and darkest chasms ever known to mortal. Throw yourself enthusiastically into the army of the true, pure and holy. Never wait to see what anybody else is going to do, for he who is boldly true can be truly bold. Copy the qualities of the masters if you would become a master.

A painter having stood a long time before a picture that attracted much attention and called forth many comments, said with bowed head: "God forgive me for not having done better." So I would present the faults of young men and the opportunities and helps to overcome and correct, that in the twilight of heavenly dawning,

when God puts out the glorious lamps of immortal burning, there shall be no regrets or tears of sorrow.

"Life is volume from youth to old age,
Each year is a chapter, each day is a page.
Let none be more noble, more manly and true
Than the little volume written by you.

Fear not to build thine area in the heights,
Where golden splendors lie,
And thrust thyself into thy inmost soul
In simple faith away,
And God will make divinely real
The highest form of thy ideal."

SECOND ADDRESS.

Young Ladies as Seen by Gentlemen.

"Cleanse Thou me from Secret Faults."

—Ps. 19-20.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's work, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

—Milton.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair, like a being of light ;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss, o'er our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

—From the German of Schiller.

YOUNG LADIES AS SEEN BY GENTLEMEN.

The petition of the Psalmist as recorded in the 19th chapter and 12th verse is without doubt the prayer of every true-hearted girl. She may not make it known by word or act, but down in the depths of her heart lies a longing to become "a perfect woman, nobly planned." But too often the prayer dies with the longing. The young girl has not the courage to look herself squarely in the face, and find out what her faults are. Doting parents and fond friends shrink from the unpleasant duty, and allow enemies to discover and use them. Believing that if young girls could see their faults as others see them, they would seek to correct them, we present this chapter hoping that it may be used as a mirror before the eye of the earnest young lady who seeks perfection in life and character.

But who can all the errors tell,
Or count the thoughts by which they fell?
Omnicient God to Thee alone
Our sins infinity is known.
Do Thou my sercret faults efface,
And show forth all Thy cleansing grace.

But the gentlemen to whom letters were sent, asking them to indicate what they considered the chief faults of the young ladies of this day, all said: "It is not an easy matter to speak of faults or seeming blem ishes where there is .so much that is beautiful and praiseworthy."

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Nevertheless there are some faults which appear like black spots in the disk of the sun. First the gentlemen all agree that the failure to discern between fading and transient and fadeless and immortal beauty is the chief weakness or fault of our American girls. This may seem a little severe at first, but how many act as though they believed and realized that a trained mind cultured spirit and courageous heart was the highest and best type of beauty. The desire to be attractive and beautiful is always commend-

able. The devotion of energy, the consecration of time, and the expenditure of money for those things that develop strength, enlarge and quicken thought, refine and beautify the spirit, should always be encouraged. The most classical mind may be profitably employed in the field of dress, selecting and arranging colors so as to avoid flashy, showy vulgarisms, and to cultivate and refine tastes. The young lady has not failed if in her collegiate course she has learned to appear easy and well dressed in calico or muslin.

THEORIES.

A great many false theories have been disseminated by very good people, because Jesus once said to his disciples: "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?

"Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into

barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

This means that we are to do as the birds do, using our faculties as they do theirs, and then trust the Father without anxiety or worry. Not that we are to drift thoughtlessly through space in utter neglect of those things that make for one's highest good. Jesus always presented the Gospel as a system of benefits, covering the needs of man's triune nature; a coronation for all days and all needs, rather than a chime of bells for Sunday and the trained musicians. Avoid anxiety—not interest.

DRESS.

Jesus, in all his ministry, never said a

word against people spending time and money in view of making themselves look comely, symmetrical and beautiful, nor has any of his inspired followers. He did teach us to put away that inordinate desire for something new, that leads to the devising of fashions, hideous and uncomfortable and compels attendants to walk on another street, and houses to be rebuilt so that sleeves may go through and hats stand up unbent, for the cherishing of such tastes means robbery. Such minds are almost sure to rattle and such spirits go unclothed, chilled and dwarfed through God's store house taxing the pity of men and angels. We do not plead for less real attention, but that it be better distributed, and not all exhausted on the house, lest the inmates suffer. Our American young ladies have an individuality that never appears at its best in foreign costumes. They have a distinctive beauty in their personality. There is no reason why they should not have and maintain their own styles. The ladies of this country

spend more money for dress than any other nation on earth. A leading importer makes the following statement, and then submits some very pertinent questions. "My partner and I were trying to figure it up the other day, and taking our firm for a basis and comparing the approximate expenditures of other concerns all over the country with it, and then including the money paid out from private purses by travelers who buy their clothes there every year, we calculated that the figures would easily run to a hundred million and that is an inside estimate. Now, why should not America have this trade for her own? We virtually furnish the money that supports the modistes of Paris and the fabric makers of France. Why could we not turn that money homeward and concentrate that business and those industries here? We would be from one to two hundred million dollars gainer by it every year. Those people over there charge us fabulous prices for the articles we buy—the jobbers virtually practicing the methods of

extortion. We could retail them for the same and even lower prices here without interfering with our liberal rates of wages. This question is of the utmost commercial importance to this country.

AMERICANS.

"The fact is, as statisticians show, Americans are dressing better and better every year. That means they are paying more attention to and spending more money for dress. And they will continue to do this more and more as they advance.

"It is estimated now that almost as much money is spent for dress as for food in America. Consider what that means. Almost half the income for the country spent on clothes. Then why should we not have clothes of our own? Why should we not get some definite decided return for this expenditure? Is there any material reason why we should not?"

This same author further says, and I quote him verbatim because his experience is so fully endorsed by my own reading and

observation. "Parisian ideas are not suitable for Americans. I speak out of my actual experience of thirty-five years. For that length of time I have been superintending the making of dresses for the fashionable American public, and have crossed the ocean twice a year regularly to secure ideas and styles and fabrics to help me in my work. And just now I am prepared to say that I am disgusted with the situation. The movement suggested by the modiste conservation is what is needed and what is wanted, and I think the time for it is about here. Why, what do we gain by going to Paris, and buying of Paris so regularly? Ideas? Yes, but what kind of ideas? Parisian ideas—artistic ideas in a manner, but artistic ideas all and altogether emanating from and directed to the advancement of the Parisian women. Why cannot we stay here at home and have ideas of our own? Haven't we enough to inspire us? Isn't the fresh beauty of our women enough—the pure beauty of America's daughters? It ought to be. It is true the Parisian atmosphere is

better adapted to such things as styles, etc., in many ways, but I don't see why, if we should try, we couldn't create something of an atmosphere here. The truth is that the styles we get from Paris, although artistic, are not at all suited to us. Almost every imported dress that I get has to be altered, and altered most materially, before it is fit for the American woman for whom it is intended. That is the fact. So that when the dress is worn, it is not really a Parisian creation, but an American one. The Parisian styles and shades are not adapted to American women. We have to alter and moderate them all. Then why should not our American modistes have the honor of making the dress in the first place? Why should we virtually have to make new costumes out of the imported, and then let all the honor of it go to Paris? Whenever a Parisian designer wishes something new in the way of styles he goes to these places, and then all along on the walls he has suggestions innumerable, color, shape, design, effect, cos-

tumes and fabrics for hundred of years back.

NEW.

"These he works over into something new, or perhaps is inspired by them to create something new." But is it essential that there be something new in order that it be commendable? Is the new always most to be desired? Are there not some characters that appear best when the robes are so familiar as not to be thought of? Did you stop to see or think of the evening dress worn by the Queen of the Night this evening? No, she has on the same silvery white raiment, given at the hand of the sun. She moves through and across the firmament, dressed in the same beauty and majesty of old. Her pathway glitters with diamonds, and yet their brilliancy never detracts from the queenly form and beauty of the moon. She will never wear any other suit until her work is done. No one will think of retrimming or remodeling her robes.

PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS.

So there are peculiar characters that

always appear best in robes that do not attract attention, are so perfectly applicable to the individuality and beauty of the wearer, as to intensify her grace and defy the observer to give any reason for it. Let every spirit therefore be robed with that righteousness which is embroidered by the fingers of the spirit. Then shall their beauty be recognized, and they find a place at the wedding of the lamb on the sea of glass, before the eternal throne. Let every dressing room have two mirrors, one for the body and the other for the spirit.

LIFE'S REAL CLAIMS.

The next fault mentioned by the gentlemen, may be presented as a lack of that earnest thoughtfulness which discerns life's real claims, without which life is a play, disturbed by the events and phenomena which are to come. Thoughtfulness will always seek to spend the present, in view of being prepared for the future. The parent or guardian is not only derelict, but cruel, if

he suffer a girl to go out into this world unskilled and unequipped for all claims and emergencies.

DELICATE.

There are many pleasures and conditions of toil now tolerated in society, and adopted by the Shylocks of commerce that leave the young lady at twenty too delicate for any use in this world. There are hundreds who have spent their time in the frivolous, transitory amusement of passing hours, infatuated, thoughtlessly, with the attentions of a young man who lives out of his father's income or who is spending a legacy, regardless of any claim on him for the future, until the hour for preparation for life is past.

MIND.

Others who have given their whole time to the culturing of the mind in view of becoming fascinating, attractive and entertaining, are now facing responsibilities and interests which they have no power to meet or discharge. Hard times and financial depressions bring these weaknesses and faults to

light. Misfortunes have overtaken their guardians, swept away their fortunes, disease and death have rendered it impossible for them to make another, and these delicate ladies find themselves with no ability to do anything. There are hundreds of whom I now speak that, unless they can be assured beyond possible loss of a livelihocd, are of all women most miserable.

READING.

There may be found in every city on this hemisphere those who have employed the best years of life in trashy reading, shedding tears and heaving sighs over a novelist's creation, while God's creatures are dying all around for want of a word of sympathy; seeking to excite their sensibilities and fire their imaginations by making novels and poetry the staples of their reading eschewing and counting worthless, history, science, philosophy or at least assigning them to the department of Theology. What is the result? Feeble intellects, weak memories, extravagant imaginations, benumbed sensibilities, and unsettled habits. A troop of evils

more to be dreaded than the coming of an invading army, for the soldiers kill the body, but these evils kill the mind. Reading should be creative of thought, invigorating the intellect, and stimulating the faculties. Let every paragraph read be followed with a moment of serious thought, such as will apply the thought to some practical purpose, and you will surely become a trained thinker and have something to think about, for your thought will always be in keeping with the matter treasured. The little serpent soon becomes the Anaconda that destroys conscience and ruins character. How important it is then that we select such thoughts as will strengthen the mind and adorn the character.

GOSSIPS.

Shallow thinkers are sure to spend their energies in idle gossip, and in criticising people who are absent, yes worse than that, such persons would receive with warmest professions of friendship and oft-times with a fervent kiss those whom they criticise in in their absence. Allow me then to plead

for a moment for sincerity in speech Learn to talk about things, not people. How cruel it is to speak slightingly of a person whom you have entertained so pleasantly, and to whom you have made such professions of friendship, the minute the door is closed and he is gone.

FRIVOLOUS.

Better be dumb than use the gift of speech in idle words, uncertainties and false pretentions. A stupid girl who cannot talk at all is more to be respected than a chattering miss who can talk of nothing good or useful. I would rather not say these things were it not for the fact that the most frivolous may, by application and high ideals, become earnest, thoughtful, sincere and grand.

Some unknown writer has embodied all of this in the following:

"Her eyes were bright and merry,
She danced in the mazy whirl,
She took the world in its sunshine,
For she was a frivolous girl.

She dressed like a royal princess;
She wore her hair in a curl:
The gossips said: 'What a pity
That she's such a frivolous girl.'"

She is a wife, a mother, a woman;
Grand, noble, and pure as a pearl;
While the gossips says: 'Would you think it
Of only a frivolous girl?'"

EXPERIENCE.

Thirdly. The third fault spoken of by the gentlemen is very serious and very far from anything I can personally say, but nevertheless it may be true of young ladies of whom I know nothing.

I state the fault in the language of the gentleman consulted: "A failure to appreciate lessons of experience." Holding this in the light of every day life, are we sure that the young ladies do not set aside the advice of father and mother when it does not harmonize with some whim or fancy of their own? Do they not grieve the heart of the aged mother by spending hours with callers, delving in trashy literature, rather than lifting the burdens that fall on those who have made it possible for them to have leisure hours and places to entertain callers, forgetting or failing to appreciate the fact that these counsels and warnings are given by

those who have had experiences which they have never had.

MOTHERS.

Not many days ago a gentleman stood by the grave of a young lady whom he had known for a dozen years. She was educated in one of the best colleges of the land and returned to her home an elegant lady, with trained powers. She did not sit down in her elegance to think of her mother as old fashioned and out of date, but entered at once with all her training into every day life with a purpose to lift every burden from the shoulders of the loving patient mother, who had toiled for her so long and thereby made it possible for her daughter to receive a scholastic training. As the clergyman stood beside the grave, the mother said, "Gertrude lifted, one by one, every burden from my life, until at last her hand carried all the household care and responsibility. She not only remembered but magnified the little self-denials practiced by me in order that she might receive a college education; she rejoiced in doing those things which made

home attractive and pleasant during all these years." I have recalled this statement, written in a letter by the clergyman hoping to inspire in every heart a spirit of noble helpfulness toward the tired mother.

WOMAN'S BEST JEWEL.

Should any look into this mirror, and see that this fault has been thoughtlessly retained, I hope they will put it away at once and forever. If these blemishes are recognized and proper effort is made, they may be overcome, and every life become what it ought to be,—bright and joyous, happy and useful, earnest and devotional, wherein reverence for the good, love for the beautiful, will preserve that name which is woman's best jewel, and God's best gift.

I think I have cited faults enough for one discourse.

NOT MINE.

Though you may say the minister has not mentioned a fault I have, and those he has mentioned are so familiar and commonplace as to be passed by as trivial, and not worthy of

a moments reflection, friend remember, it is the little blemishes that destroy the beauty of life.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That bye and bye will make the music mute
And ever widening, slowly silence all,
The little rift within the lovers lute;
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit."

The greatest discovery of the 19th century is woman, as she really is. God is giving into her hands interests, so far reaching as to cause every true heart to beat with a quicker life. You must be impressed with the importance of her work, for each day brings out more clearly the fact that we are living in the

DAYS

Seen by the prophet Joel, when he said "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your daughters shall prophecy, and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out my spirit, and they shall prophecy." Hasten with song into the courts of light:

"For drops of grief can never pay
The debt of love I owe,
Here Lord I give myself away
'Tis all I can do."

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Such a consecration will enable you to answer the prayer of the king's daughters: "Take me Lord and use me to-day as thou wilt; whatever work thou hast for me to do, give to me in my hands; if there are those, thou wouldst have me to help in any way, send them to me; take my time and use it as thou wilt. Let me be a vessel close to thy hand and meet for thy service, to be employed only for thee and for ministry to others in Thy name." May the Friend of all Friends show you the way and give you strength for every duty, that you may grow in grace and beauty until you come with gladness and rejoicing to enter the King's palace. I cannot tell you how my heart yearns for the young people whom I have had the honor and pleasure to address. I long and pray that they may be cleansed from all secret faults, "polished after the similitude of a palace, clothed in garments of wrought gold" and that beauty which is approved of God.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command."

THIRD ADDRESS.

Weaknesses and Faults of the American Pulpit as Judged by Laymen.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

—Baxter.

So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his inquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel; thus ye speak, saying, if our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live? Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?—Ezek. 33-7-12.

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.—Paul, 2nd Cor. 5th-20.

How beautiful it is for men to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watchman and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven!

—Willis.

CLERGYMEN AS SEEN BY LAYMEN.

The extent and power of clergymen in this republic is not to be easily measured. Laying aside all that is generally called religious and thinking of the ministers as a company of men having the privilege of speaking their convictions in 90,000 pulpits once, twice and three times a week before 18,000,000 sober, candid and thoughtful men and women, is a matter of no little moment. The wonder is that so many people attend church from week to week to listen to the feeble productions of men, but there is the fact. They come from out the land pressed in spirit, saddened in heart, tired in body, and listen to the story of life and pay for the privilege of attending these meetings sometimes more than they pay for the supply of table or library.

Thinking one day of this subject, as a privilege granted men in the ministry of the

gospel of Jesus, I sat down and wrote many of the leading laymen of different denominations, asking them two questions:

First—Do you think the clergy in this country are measuring up to their high privilege?

Second—What are some of the weaknesses and faults of the ministry from your standpoint?

The charity and frankness of these busy men was very marked. Out of that correspondence this chapter has grown. The first failure as judged by most of the laymen was a failure to appreciate the responsibility associated with or growing out of the ministry. This is frank, and doubtless true, for a sense of responsibility must always remain a matter of growth, and who, among the foremost men in the pulpit to-day, has sufficient knowledge of the capabilities, possibilities and liabilities of spirits clad with unconditioned immortality to sense the responsibility of his relation to them.

To make it more emphatically true, who that ministers in any capacity appreciates

the responsibility of their position? Can that teacher whose privilege it is to give direction in the use of the brain appreciate the importance of first movements? Can he realize the advantage coming to that mind in later years if correctness and care be exercised in the selection of principles registered, rules employed in formulating and enunciating its desires, purposes and plans? No, brains are to be trained, refined and cultured, not as the center of life, but as an instrument or organ in the hands of the Coming King back of all organs.

Can the cook in our American kitchen today appreciate the importance of his or her relation to the success of the inmates of the home? No king can rule well, minister think clearly, teacher express himself logically, or artisan work skillfully unless they be well fed and properly nourished. One of the most desirable places in the world may be found in the American kitchens in this day of intensity and rush. Electricity is in the atmosphere. Domesticity is an unknown element in our large cities. What

an opportunity for an angel who seeks to be most helpful to prepare and set before the nervous, intense family food so inviting, palatable, nourishing, as to inspire, sustain and render comfortable every member of the household during their hours in school, office or run. Ah! but when the cook and the teacher fail, investigation is made and supplies or apparatus is furnished with which to render the service more effectual. But too often in the rush of life the minister of the gospel of Jesus is left half buried with criticism and gossip to fight his way out, single-handed.

"Fail to appreciate." Fail to measure up to what they know is demanded or expected would better express the condition of many who are silent in the presence of dying men. Follow the men in prominent pulpits to-day through the chambers of indifference, doubt, darkness, chill, despair and death. Listen to the sigh that comes up from homeless, friendless, faithless, pessimistic spirits, once in better circles, and then tell your friend and pastor how to answer the question:

"Who will show us good?" Don't leave him before a chasm in indifference until your want of interest makes it bridgeless, and he cries in the language of Joseph Hart:

"Oh, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

"The rocks can rend; the earth can quake:
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

"To hear the sorrows thou has felt,
O Lord, an adamant, would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine,

"Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

"But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord that power I greatly need:
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine."

"The second fault, or weakness, of the ministry" is in failing to estimate the intellectual condition of the audience. This,

doubtless, is true. But it is many edged. First, this is not the thinking age; men and women are too busy to think; but it is the reading age. Books, periodicals and papers covering all fields are, by the use of electricity and our system of advertisement, brought within the reach of all our people. It is no longer incumbent on the village parson to direct the political interests of his people. Once they looked to him for instruction on this line; not so to-day.

While the preacher should be intelligent and free to speak on all questions that have to do with civil and social interests in Church and State, he need not stand as political director, social entertainer or scientific instructor. We live in an age that supplies the best and latest thoughts and comments from the best minds on both hemispheres, morning and evening, for the sum of one or two cents per day on all political questions and they are equal in authority to the pulpit. The preacher who undertakes to run on the line of entertainment, seeking constantly something new and novel, will fail, because the stage

meets that demand more perfectly than it is possible for him to. The pulpit that seeks to settle all questions, explain all scientific declarations, or overthrow all enemies, must fail, for the literary achievements of this day make it impossible for any one man to be authority on all questions. For the small sum of twenty-five cents you can buy the latest treatise on any phase of science from the pen of a man who has given his whole life to that peculiar phase of science, and is therefore the peer of any man in the pulpit (on that subject). But there is a work peculiar to the pulpit untouched by any other agency; the lyceum, press, Sunday-school, prayer meeting, Epworth League, or class meeting cannot take the place of the pulpit in sowing the seed of life, for God hath ordained that men shall be reached by the appeal of the Holy Spirit in the use of the human voice to the consciousness of men in view of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God. As long as there is an unsaved soul and a merciful God, men will be called to preach the unsearchable

riches of grace with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven. It is the unwritten and unwritable gospel that moves the world along these lines today as of old.

This law must always remain. Civilization may modify methods, as it has in other fields. We have distanced the old-time method of seed sowing, but the seed is still sown by human instrumentalities. It must be brought within the reach of external forces or the blade, stalk and ear will never appear. Civilization may effect the methods and change the means employed by the heralds of truth, but it can never do away with the minister and the seed.

But this should in no sense excuse the minister from selecting his thought and employing such illustrations as will carry the message of life to the heart of his listener. Jesus, in selecting the preachers of old, called them from among the people, men who knew the thoughts and methods of thinking, process of reasoning and source of information of the people to whom they were sent. If ministers were careful to keep up that relation

to their auditors more would be helped and less hurt by their utterances.

Again, in the parable of the sower we have another illustration that may help to a better appreciation of the auditors' mental condition. Among other hearers he suggests the one whose brain is so beaten with the tread of anxious thought as to be incapable of receiving a thoughtful message quietly delivered, demanding pungent, sharp, incisive utterances that are sent home with the sledge hammer of conviction. The same incapacity is sometimes produced by another process. Indifference often leaves a mind inactive until it becomes incapacitated. Going over the Green mountains, one bitter cold day, the car became very cold. I approached the porter, who was fussing with the stove beside which lay a large amount of rock maple wood, and said: "Why don't you keep this car warm?" Said he: "Mister, ye see that ere stove haint been doing anything all summer, and that ere wood is having a mighty hard time to 'spress itself through the old stove." His philosophy si-

lenced me. There are hundreds and thousands on whom the ministers look as graduates, who resolved on leaving school, as he did, to keep up their study; but who, amid the new claims and responsibilities, have abandoned all works, save those bearing directly on their immediate claims, and are unable to follow the recital or reading of a systematic paper on evolutionary principles, archeological discoveries or socialogical ethics.

They have come up from fields of toil, chambers of affliction, conditions of temptation, with condemnation and sorrow, to hear about the Man of Sorrow, by whose stripes men are healed, who went about doing good and now offers pardon to all repentant hearts, men want to hear of him who stands alone in the corridors of death shouting "I am the resurrection and the life whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Again, more ministers underestimate the ability of their auditors than over estimate them. This is the dispensation of the spirit; who leadeth into all truth. One of our mis-

sionaries in a foreign field relates the following incident. "Sitting on the veranda of my home in Burmah, a jungle boy came through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired, with eagerness:

"Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine and a dirty cloth of cotton was wrapped in a most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the veranda.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" asked the lady.

"I want to see him and confess to him."

"Why what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees (missionaries) say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Tell me where I can find him."

"But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly," said the boy, "but I can't; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing but come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly replied; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant look.

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now," she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of disappointment. "But I am his friend and follower," said the lady, at which the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued, "He has told me in his Word to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. Tell me, oh, tell me? Only ask your Master to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. I want to be saved!"

The next day the little boy was introduced to the little bamboo school house in the character of "the wild Karen boy," and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his eagerness increased, and his face gradually lost its indescribable look of stupidity. He was at length baptised, and commemorated the love of that Savior he had so earnestly sought. He lived awhile to testify his sincerity, and then died in joyful hope. The lady has also since died, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer."

Despair not, O fellow toiler! The spirit is poured out as never before. We are not here to build cathedrals and churches, hospitals and schools, herald scientific findings and artistic achievements, to read essays and wear crucifixes alone. Nay. It is ours to instruct the intellect, stir the sensibilities and persuade the will, by the use of all

means, enforced by an energy born of the spirit of God.

The third weakness or fault was a failure to rest confidently in the supernatural aid promised: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" "all power in heaven and on earth is given unto me." To what extent, if any, this criticism may be true, I cannot say, but fear men are apt, perhaps unconsciously, to rely too much on the helps of men and to little on the supernatural energy of the word and spirit of God. As ambassadors, standing in Christ's stead, men should never, for one moment, loose sight of the fact that they stand as representatives of the King, who will not allow His word to return unto Him *void*. Conscious of that fact, men will preach *the* Word and look for results. Had you been permitted an interview with Moses out in Arabia, feeding, clothing and controlling Israel, he would have said, doubtless: "I am sent of God. He is responsible for the result, and when I have done my best I rest." Paul said: "I was called to be an apostle," "Separated

unto the gospel of God." Such conviction will not allow the organizing of agencies or grouping of experiences to come between them and the conscious touch of the Holy One. But will not such a sense of rest rob the ministry of that passion for souls which is essential to success in winning them? Won't men become satisfied with the regular routine of labors, and look to God for results? Won't they be content to feed the lambs, care for and edify the church, and not go looking after the lost? No; not if they be called and sent of God. In the language of one of our chief pastors: "Some thing truly appalling must have happened if any man, called of God to the Christian ministry, enters and quits the pulpit year in and year out without being able to lay his hand upon one single man, woman or child brought through his agency to the knowledge of salvation in Christ." That wrong must be with the ministers, for the seed of life is God given, and the Holy Ghost is still with his ambassadors. No; it is a reliance on our past experience or knowledge of the

condition that leads men to hesitate when ordered to do that which seems contrary to all former movements. It was perfectly natural for Peter, a practical fisherman and perfectly at home with the conditions of the lake, to say to a landsman and a carpenter from Nazareth who ordered him to launch forth into the deep and let down the net: "Why so? We have toiled all night and taken nothing. Why should we expect a draft at this untimely hour?" Certain things that seem forbidding in nature often deter men from richest harvests. We cannot see why or how certain things and results can be possible. Therefore, being unable to rely on the promise of the supernatural energy or wisdom of the commander, we hesitate, falter, fall, and results do not appear; while faith obeys, looks, receives and rejoices in possession of promised results.

I have read a story of Luther, whose faith once astonished men and angels, and whose words shook the German hills, falling into depression. He became utterly discouraged; things seemed to turn against him, his friends

deserted him, until there was none to cheer him. Entering his home he sat down to weep and lament over his condition; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he turned to Catherine, his wife, who, having wrapped her form in black robes, was weeping most bitterly. As he saw her tears and black form he said: "Oh, Kate, what is the matter? Is our babe dead?" No; it is worse than that, husband." "Tell me the worst, tell me the worst!" said Luther. "Why," said Catherine, "our Heavenly Father is dead, and therefore his cause on earth is overturned." Martin Luther stood up, and in a moment burst into a hearty laugh. "I see," said the great man, "I see what a fool I have been. God is not dead, but I have acted as though he were." Would to God all his saints might learn the lesson taught Luther, for filled with the conception of the Infinite Father and the inexhaustible supplies at our disposal we may fly with the angel of the morning over mountains and seas, across plains and through swamps, amid multitudes in misery, men sitting in

darkness and distress, hopeless and in despair, like the birds of Paradise to fill the earth with the sunshine and joy of eternal hope, for our God is clothed with might.

"The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

"Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

"Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

"Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations wait his word;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God."

One of the gentlemen, a very prominent worker in the educational and religious circles of Boston, wrote as his opinion: "The chief fault of the American ministry is that they are not sufficiently practical. The

world needs a plain, simple gospel, that contains and presents salvation in its fullness."

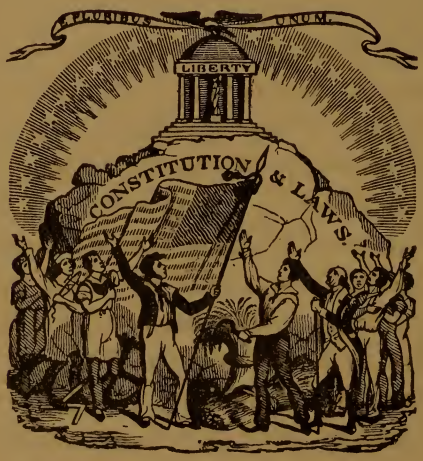
This I think so timely as to venture a word of comment on, though he alone spoke of this as noticeable to the laymen. The idea of service is not as prominent as it has been in other epoch, I fear. One of the chief characteristics of Jesus' ministry was that of service. He taught the disciples to look for success and greatness along the line of service. "Let him who would be greatest among you be your minister." Again rewards are given and withheld according to service rendered. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these ye did it unto me." Adopting this standard, ministers cannot hope to save men whom they are not willing to serve, for while it may be possible in a certain sense to serve men without serving God and remain indifferent to the needs of men. To be practical then is to be Christlike: to be so filled with His spirit as to feel the same passion for souls that wept over Jerusalem and was moved with compassion at the sight of a multitude of men and women

without a shepherd. Such ministers would pour out their souls in the interest of their people. Two young men leaving the class-room of one of our theological seminaries were heard to say: "John, I agree with Prof. ——. Every sermon ought to be a work of art." "Yes, William, with one word changed. Every sermon ought to be a work of the HEART." Both may be possible. The last must be reached before men can hope to reach and save their fellows. The finest work of art may fail to impress the inartistic, but the crudest production of the heart in which Jesus reigns, delivered with the enthusiasm of love, cannot fail to move the most artistic. The most scientific student, the most profound philosopher and the most artistic workmen will find help in the gospel of Jesus when presented in its simplicity from an honest heart, which has no other desire than that of pleasing God and serving the people. The celebrated Dr. Parker, of London, once said in an address on preaching: "Looking back upon all the checkered way, I have to testify that the only preach-

ing which has done me good is the preaching of a Saviour who bore my sins in his own body on the tree· and the only preaching by which God has enabled me to do good to others is the preaching in which I have held up my Saviour not as a sublime example, but as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

That is the only preaching that will fill heaven with joy, when God maketh up his jewels. It is said that on one occasion when the nobles invited their friends to look on their jewels, there was a Roman matron, who, because of her goodness, was allowed to share with the nobles in putting on exhibition her jewels. As the friends entered, expecting to see diamonds, rubies and pearls, she presented two beautiful sons, pure and lovely, and the nobles turned away in shame that they had so little to offer. So in the day when God maketh up His jewels, Jesus will turn away from the amethyst, the emerald, the onyx, the topaz, and point to the sons and daughters, who, having been redeemed by his precious blood, are to be pre-

sented, without a spot or wrinkle, with exceeding great joy. God speed the day when the reward shall be so clearly apprehended as to lead men and women to delight in his service. Oh, for an appropriating faith that steps out on God's promise; seizes the sword of the spirit, and in the name and power of God's might claims this world for the King.



FOURTH ADDRESS.

Faults of Laymen as Seen by Pastors.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But are occasions's forelock watchful look.
---Milton.

He is a faithful pastor of the poor;
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words—
"Feed, feed my sheep"—are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes."
—GRAHAM.

The harvest is truly plenteous, but the laborers are few.—JESUS, Matt. 9-37.

FAULTS OF LAYMEN AS SEEN BY PASTORS.

The words of Jesus had a broader significance than men have seen. The reformation undertaken by him meant more than was reportable or presentable at that age of the world. Therefore he who thinks it possible to do as the first company of workmen did and see like results, is doomed to perpetual disapointment. We live

> "In an age on ages telling,
> To be living is sublime."

He who lives to hear the morning bells of 1900 will find the thoughts of Jesus more potent than they have ever been. The great problems of the ages are still at hand. We are nearing the social crisis of this world, the forces of selfishness are marshalling for the final conflict and the contest is to be one of the fiercest any people ever saw. The monopolies and trusts of 1900 will be forced to contend and settle with men, not tramps, criminals, anarchists and shiftless creatures; but scholars, statesmen, philanthropists and Christians, who have been aroused and en

listed in the interests of the millions now pressing their way up through the conservatism of the ages; they are claiming rights they have never yet been granted; whether these claims are lawful or imaginary, they are in the minds of millions who mean to see them tested. He who stands on the broad platform of Christianity with that love for others that led Jesus to seek lost men, must and will lead the forces; every other power has been introduced only to fail. Every form of compromise, every socialistic and philanthrophic theory man has introduced has failed: they have never secured that sense of obligation which is necessary to permanent reform. Thinking men are getting ready to try the principles set forth in the sermon on the Mount. They are coming to see that the principle of equity was beautifully illustrated in the life of Jesus, and that love for others begets interest in the welfare of those whom they love, such as will fill the heart of man with a sense of OUGHT, the chief strength of which is in a realization of personal weakness and individual dependence.

The gentlemen who responded to my letters of inquiry along this line, said: "The church is narrow in its conception of Christ's mission." Men do not look on the Church to-day as the body of Jesus, organized, not only to perpetuate the deeds and defend the words of the Master, but to do the work He wants done and would do were He present in the flesh now. We pray: "Our Father which art in heaven hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We mean by that, that the law of God is to be as perfectly obeyed on earth as in heaven. Now if that prayer is ever answered, men in position as leaders of thought and action, must recognize all law as divine, and as sacred as the decalogue given on the Mount. Then God's kingdom on earth will tax all mines, mountain-peaks, coast-lines, gulf-streams and living agencies. Too many men fail to discern the difference between the sphere and function of the Church. Her sphere is as wide as the earth; but her function is with the consciences of men. It is ours to educate the conscience

until the voice of the Church is so potent and responsible that all men will recognize her as God's representative in the earth and public opinion be moulded by her influence. The State has the right to say "Thou shalt." The church says "Men ought." It has been truthfully said, "The Church has no authority outside of her organization;" but she may have unbounded influence and she will when conception of Jesus' life is made perfect, when she so changes the famous epigram, as to make it read: "I am a Christian and nothing relating to man or society is foreign to me." There isn't a problem to-day that is foreign to the interests of the Church, nor that she may not gain a commanding influence over. She ought to control the lives of those who indicate the fashion, direct the commercial, social, educational and religious interests of the future. This would equalize the value of service and make Jesus' years at the carpenter's bench a part of His divine mission. The workingman in shop, store, pulpit and office should have a place with Moses on Sinai, Peter on Her

mon, the angel in Gethsemene, and Christ on Calvary and at Bethany. His thirty years before the baptism were as much a part of the great plan as the years following. The whole life appearing in the Theophenies, in the flesh or in the Holy Spirit was and is a mission to the race. It meant, and now means, right relations between man and man, men and their maker. In this we have the key to every problem before the world to-day. When men accept and believe this they will turn toward our altars with the old, old questions: "Who will show us good?" "Art thou He or do we look for another?" The Church must grapple with and answer these questions now before the world or another will come. Is it of no moment that in Buffalo, where there are one hundred forty-four (144) churches there are two hundred eighteen (218) lodges or social compacts; New Orleans one hundred seventy-eight (178) churches, with four hundred seventy-nine (479) lodges; Washington with one-hundred eighty-one (181) churches, with three hundred and sixteen (316) lodges; St. Louis with

two hundred twenty (220) churches. there are seven hundred twenty-nine (729) lodges; Boston, two hundred forty-three (243) churches, with five hundred ninety-nine (599) lodges; Brooklyn, three hundred fifty-five (355) churches with six hundred ninety-five (695) lodges, and in Chicago there are three hundred eighty-four (384) churches, and one thousand and eighty-eight (1,088) lodges?

Is this state of things to pass unnoticed? Where are the Zebedees represented by their wives and sons, in the house of God. Have they gone in search of a more perfect manifestation of the Christ-life? Are the followers of the Prince of Peace, laboring to establish Christ's kingdom somewhere in the far-off world while men are sighing for help here? Jesus came to save men: and that ought to be the one work of the Church now. There is no other society or body on earth who can satisfy the needs of men.

The Roman church is so Medieval that her children are swinging out into agnosticism. We ought not to expect men to be satisfied with the forms or spirit of the 17th century;

we cannot go back, we must go forward and apply the doctrines of Holy Scripture to the demands of the age in which we live, or the people will lose confidence and look to other organizations for that which will supply their demands. The world is full of men and women who sigh for the touch of sympathy, for some Columbus to lead them into broader fields, where the spirit may find rest in the settlement of vexed problems, and be knighted at the hand of his creator.

When men realize that this life is a part of eternity, and fitness for life is fitness for eternity; that all separations here and hereafter are to be made by the law of affinity: that heaven could not exist as a heavenly place without it and hell will be as a result, they will gladly receive that gospel which puts the heart, out of which are the issues of life, in accord with right, that being made right they may dwell with the righteous. But, alas, too many of us are repeating the mistake of the early preacher, who, riding along a country road in Virginia, overtook a peddler struggling under his pack and

asked him to get in and ride. He did so, and for some time the preacher said nothing; presently, however, he turned his solemn face on the peddler and said, with awful emphasis: "My friend, are you prepared to die?" The peddler gave one look of terror, jumped from the buggy and took to the woods for his life. The minister hastened to assure him that he meant no harm, but the peddler refused to come back, and the minister rode away.

Prepare men to live right, and the departure will be all right, when the dying hour comes. Remember so long as the church fits men better for life than any other society can, there will be no trouble about her support or growth; but when a society can do and is doing any part of the work left the Church better than the Church is doing it, then the Church wavers and struggles for existence.

The desire to be entertained, rather than helped, means death. When the pulpit and pew seek entertainment, rather than helpfulness, they begin to weed out the more exact-

ing and rugged precepts of the text-book, and they begin at once to enlarge their creed.

Dr. Storrs once said: "Every thoughtful man, when he falls into sin, will do one of two things. He will repent heartily and forsake thoroughly, or he will enlarge his creed sufficiently to cover his sin."

I think this criticism is just, for I believe that correct belief is necessary to right life; hence the Apostle wrote: "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of." "All scripture, given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Believing is the basis of all instruction and education. Every teacher, every preacher, every moralist and every parent expects human life and conduct to illustrate the truths believed; but there has grown up a popular idea, or notion, that it doesn't make any difference what a man believes so long as he is sincere. There is

nothing more ruinous to the Church and the character of men than the adoption of this notion. An eminent author recently asked that this theory be adopted by the advocates of physical economy and machinery. Suppose that they should decide that lead was equal to steel for the making of tools; that a triangle was just as good as a circular wheel in machinery, or that the farmer should say: "I sincerely wish to raise corn and, being sincere in my wish, I expect it. I will not plant it, but I'll wait for it to grow." What would his sincerity avail? The more sincere he was the worse it would be for him. And how would it be if it were adopted in navigation? "I have my own theories of astronomy. I don't believe much in the books and the theories they set forth, so I'll sail by my own theories. The chart says that there are three fathoms of water here, and here are two, and there is one, but I don't believe it. I know my ship draws sixteen feet of water, but I believe I can run it over a twelve foot bar." Now if he goes by his belief, he'll find himself wrecked.

This principle holds good in the moral as in the physical, in the intellectual and the social relations of men. If a man believes that he is good enough, that there is no call for reformation, or for his striving to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, he will be listless, heedless and inattentive. But if a man believe that it is essential for him to pass the ordeal of regeneration in order that he may become Christian or Christlike, and if his belief enables him to hope for endless fellowship with Deity, he will purify himself, even as God is pure.

It makes all the difference in the world what the Church believes in reference to the character of God. If a man believes that God sits in indifference in some far-off world and has no direct interest in man's present and eternal welfare, he will become indifferent in his feelings toward God, and all the spirit of loyalty and devotion will disappear; but if, on the other hand, he believes that God cannot look on sin with any allowance, that he abhors iniquity, and that unless he turns from his wicked ways he will certainly bring

him to judgment and justice, he may not seek to have his life thoroughly conformed to the will and pleasure of God, but he will feel that he ought to do it. This is true in every form of government. For instance, that man living in the First ward says: "I voted for Judge ———, and helped to put him into power. I know him. He is sure to wink at my crimes. I can do as I please and he'll see that I'm not harmed. He is one of those easy, good-natured men." Now a man having that conception of the judge will do about as he pleases, and what the evil one suggests, when it is in harmony with his desire; but if, on being arrested, he finds himself before another judge who has a full sense of the value of justice and truth, a man who means to bring all evil-doers to justice, when that man begins to read the law and says: "Your conduct is herein condemned and you must suffer the full penalty of the law," he is brought under conviction· that is, he has another view and sense of sin and judgment, and when he gets out and returns to the First ward again,

he'll ask: "Who is on the bench?" and govern himself accordingly, for it makes a difference to him as to what he believes about the judge.

Now, if you will just lift this illustration to the dignity and sublimity of the Judge of all the earth, you will find that those people who believe in Him as a goody sort of a being, will boast of doing about right, or what they think to be about right, and leave it with Him. But those who believe in the justice of God as the Supreme Ruler of the universe, a being who will reward every life and deed according to its deserts, will strive to put themselves into harmony with the law of justice, and do those things that please God, that they may be right, for they know there is no safety in that which is not right, no matter how plausible the wrong may be made to appear; and it is when they feel this that they become persuasive. Paul said: "Knowing the terror of the law, we persuade men."

"The Congregationalist," a leading paper of that denomination, recently made the fol-

lowing editorial statement: "Whether the doctrine of eternal punishment is preached or not, it may be confidentally affirmed that, if belief in hell disappears, belief in heaven will also disappear, so far as practical influence is concerned."

Observation and inquiry will sustain this position, but hell will begin long before a man leaves this life. Sin begets hell in the individual heart, or society, and will continue so long as sin is cherished.

Again, there are those who feel that the great body of Christian workers has lost that sense of authority the Church once had; they say that Christian workers no longer feel that He in whom the fullness of God dwelt, He who by the Holy Ghost was born in the flesh, dwells in man as a living inspiration with authority. There is some force in this criticism. Thousands have been unsettled by a few men who have broken away from traditional faith in the Christian religion and are in a state of unrest, advancing theories without any sense of authority more than that of speculation. The result is that

those who listen are unable to receive into the heart pulpit utterances with saving faith or confess them without shrinking. The extent of this is not easy to measure. It leaves the church without any real faith in the divine supplement or expectation of results.

Once men had no doubt as to the truthfulness and reliability of the promises found in the scriptures and, with a child-like expectancy, asked for the things they needed, regardless of others, as to whether they liked it or disliked it; like the little boy of six years who wanted a drum. When the members of the family objected because of the noise, he prayed for it, and, throwing his soul into his petition, was heard to say as he went to bed:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep'—
I want a drum—
'I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep'—
I want a drum.
'If I should die before I wake'—
I want a drum—
'I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take'—
I want a drum."

There is no question but that he got his

L. of C.

drum, and the Church could get all she needs had she that persistent exercise of faith which intelligently claims promised good; and such praying would develop unlimited devotion. If this spirit prevailed the Church would not be so spasmodic in her movements and investments; greater care in her investments would introduce such methods as would increase the dividends and the people be more largely helped. There is such a thing as a scale of value. Some things now represented in dollars and cents can be converted into values demanding other scales; and there are things of ordinary value with which men may transact business so as to have them converted into priceless and immeasurable values. The Church must learn the art of having transient, earthly, perishable interests converted into eternal, imperishable and heavenly values. While the world is investing its energies in earthly things by exchanging time, thought and skill for dollars and cents, the Church ought to invest with an eye to largest returns. She should be careful to deal

in those commodities that make the world better and dignify human life. There is an immutable law that governs all rewards in both worlds, and that law is within the reach of every investor. There is a joy, satisfaction and blessedness found in the performance of righteous deeds, and the earnest of reward may be enjoyed in this life, for all well-doing rewards itself, hence work in Christ's name and with the spirit of Jesus can never be lost; and he who gives most gives himself, for he who gives himself finds life plus eternal joy and pleasure at God's right hand. Let every business man identified with the church remember that fact, that he may learn with delight to ask: "How much can I get into God's cause?" rather than: "How little can I get along with and be respectable?" It is just as essential that men work in and for the church in order to realize the benefits of church life, as it is in commerce and education. Another has said: "There are too many men who mean well and love the Church, but stand like silver apostles on her altar, waiting for some

one to melt them down and coin them into money, and thus make them current, so that they can go about doing good." Paul once said to his brethren in Rome: "Ye are able to admonish one another." We need that admonition to-day. We need to be set to work, to have responsibilities laid on us, and to be so equipped and trained for service as to find our chief joy in the discharge of duty. A band of brethren working together with all their might are bound by the strongest ties. A working church is likely to be a united church, and a church which faithfully works for God will be blest of God, and cannot fail to have prosperity and delight.

A little incident in connection with the life of General Robert E. Lee and his faithful soldiers, soon after his surrender to General Grant, impressed me with this thought. It was rumored that he was likely to be executed for treason. One day a Confederate soldier in the ragged remnants of a buttoned up uniform came to the general as he sat on the veranda of his home, and, after saluting him respectfully, said: "General, there are

fifty more of us fellows around the corner." "Indeed," said the general, "why don't they come up to the house?" "Too ragged. They are raggeder that me. Now, I tell you what we're after, general. We hear that you are to be tried. Now we've got a mountain hollow up there, where nobody can get to, and there's a right smart of good land in it; and if you'll come along we'll work the land for you, and take care of you and you shall never suffer want." The general called the rest of the ragged veterans into the house and told them it would not be proper for him to hide in the mountains or to seek escape in any way from whatever might befall him, but that he was very grateful to them for their offer. They had fought together. That spirit, doubtless made it very hard for the war to end, but it suggests a valuable lesson. If the church were one in purpose and spirit and would so use their provisions as to make every one feel at ease with little ability or wealth; if men could give their little in the presence of the rich, and speak, give and live without

the fear of that criticism which cripples, and with an utter abandonment of self, throw themselves at the feet of Jesus for direction, the next decade would see such a change as no decade has ever yet made. Napoleon once called for a hundred men to lead in a forlorn hope and said: "Doubtless every one will be killed. Who will die for the emperor?" Not a hundred, but every man in the regiment sprang forward in solid line and presented their muskets, saying: "Ready!" I firmly believe there are to-day thousands and hundreds of thousands who would die for Christ, but there is a louder call. It is a call for men and women who will live for His cause. A living heroism and a martyrdom that is ready to die daily. For our Captain calls not to a forlorn hope, but to a glorious victory. Oh, that the whole Church with unbroken ranks might spring forward, one living sacrifice, to be perpetuated until the Kingdom of God come and His will is done on earth as it is in Heaven.

FIFTH ADDRESS.

Faults of Parents as Seen by Children.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.

---Pollok.

Let parents be the same
To all their children; common in their care,
And in their love of them.

—Thomas Southern.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shall teach them diligently unto thy children, etc.—Moses. Deut. 6, 6-7,

FAULTS OF PARENTS AS SEEN BY CHILDREN.

These words of Moses have the genuine ring of a military order. They were given in the interest of old Israel while in camp at the base of Mount Horeb, and if it were no more, it would be worthy of careful study, for there were interests associated with the march of Israel at that time that are still very sacred, and there were obstacles to overcome in the campaign of the wilderness such as no other commander has ever had. They defied all natural resources and found their solution in the ministry of the supernatural.

In reading the account it is well to keep in mind that that age knew nothing of pontoon bridges, national granaries, supply trains, or treasuries; nevertheless they crossed all rivers, guarded safely all interests, and met every demand of that mighty caravan, every member of whom looked to Moses for life, health and happiness, while

journeying through the wilderness or over the desert. Modern commanders would do well to study some of the military orders of that man Moses, in view of cleanliness, chastity and discipline.

But this is more than a military order; it is not a spent ball given to serve, guard and protect the interests of Israel and then disappear. Nay, it was written by God's finger on the tables of stone and sent forth from the senate chamber of eternity with the decalogue, and contains the soul and spirit of the whole system of divinity essential to the salvation and perfection of the race. A law perfected and fulfilled by the incarnation of Jesus Christ, who came not to destroy nor to render obsolete, but to fulfill every word of the entire decalogue. Let us note then some thoughts suggested by these words given Israel by that ancient leader.

HEART.

First, they are to be in the heart. Heartlessness is the greatest fault of parents in every age in reference to the religious interests of their children. Their teaching is al-

together too theoretical and too little heart-felt. The minister, visiting a home, took the lad of the house in his arms and soon began to talk to him about heaven, whereupon the lad said: "Do you think heaven is better than Ohio?" "Oh, yes, my child, don't you?" "Well papa don't think so." "How do you know?" "'Cause papa never talks about heaven, and he is always talking about Ohio."

The natural insight of the child is almost equal to the latest discovery in photography; he almost feels what is in the parent's mind, and sometimes it is exceedingly embarrassing. A clegyman reciting an incident in the presence of his boy so interested the child that he became curious as to the facts, and said: "Father, is that really so, or is it only preaching?" But the child in either case judges philosophically, for the law established by the divine Giver of all law is here employed. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And the wisdom of the text is indicated in its arrangement: "These words shall be in

thine heart" as safeguards to personal piety. Not simply mental storing of vehicles, but the bringing of God and His Word into the soil and nature of the heart, so that they shall become a life with power to command and influence others.

If this story can only preoccupy the soil before it is sapped and weakened by the perishable, how strong the people of God might become, for His word in the heart abides endlessly in its purity and power. Men of all nations and of all grades and of all schools have tried to destroy the vitality and life of the scriptures, but the record shows how they have been and are mocked. The few sentences written on the stormy heights of old Horeb now fill the whole earth, floating on all seas, riding on all trains, and resting in all homes. They are to give light; they are the source of all that is hopeful. I do not mean simply the listening to the reading of God's word, for the most precious seed sometimes falls on stony ground, and is caught up by birds and borne away. In such cases it is no fault of the seed that

there is no harvest, but the reception it gets. When once the Word of God gets a hold on the inner consciousness of man there is light in all the chambers. When darkness rested on all things in chaotic night, before light had kindled its fire or the morning star had taken to itself form, God spake and there was light. Since the beginning children ask: "Who laid the foundations of the earth?" "Who wound the springs of this vast machinery now moving silently on with undiminished power?" "Hath the rain a father?" "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" "How dark! who shall explain?" God speaks, and in ten little words all is made clear: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Surely "the entrance of His word giveth light." Every parent ought to be able to speak out of the heart wherein God is sanctified.

Again, it giveth understanding; and with the understanding heart there is hope. Many a wrecked mariner, wounded soldier and cast-off wretch have been saved by the word

of God stored in the heart by some parent or teacher. In the moment of despair, light burst upon the consciousness with a hope, and eternal life has been secured out of a Sheridanic defeat.

The poor, profane shopman who put a leaf of the Bible into his pocket to light his pipe with, read while it burned: "Go thy way until the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." He had heard this before, and was filled with thought; forgetting to smoke, he asked: "What will my lot be? For what am I fitting myself?" and was saved. Cromwell's soldier who opened the Bible to see how far the bullet had penetrated it and found it had stopped where his mother had marked these words, often repeated in his hearing: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that God will bring thee into judgment," and he was saved to tell the story himself. Thou shalt have these words in thine heart to give light and understanding.

Again, they guard the heart against temptation to sin. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee," said the Psalmist. That is, he stored them for a purpose. There is a culture and a polish that comes from the recital of Scripture. Daniel Webster was one of the greatest readers of Scripture this country has produced. The effect is seen in the beauty and strength of his diction. There are a great many who read it constantly, and are able to recite it flippantly, and think they have accomplished much because they read it through every year and are able to recite whole chapters, and yet you see no evidence of strength. I know of a soldier who read the Bible through in six weeks and noted the contents of every chapter, while in the army and on duty, but no one would place any value on the comments. You have heard boys in the school recite Greenleaf's arithmetic page after page, "verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim," when the simplest problem given under any rule in the book would confuse them. But David hid the

word of God in his heart for a purpose; that is, he guarded every weak point where the enemy might approach. He literally built up a wall of defense round about him out of the word of God. This was military sagacity, philosophic foresight and the personification of wisdom, resulting in safety to the man. God help all parents to store His Word thus wisely in the hearts of their children, that they may see, understand and sin not.

EASILY SATISFIED.

Secondly: Parents are too easily satisfied. They say of their boy: "He's kind-hearted; there never was a better hearted child;" and yet he yields to temptation, falls and does that which brings shame and sorrow to the heart that speaks thus kindly of him. Why? Because there are no guards that hold and preserve in times of temptation; in other words, the Word of God has not been hidden in the heart, so as to keep him from sinning. Take the reclaimed land of old Holland, for, as you know, most of the fairest, fertile and rich land of that beautiful country was taken from the sea, and it has been pre-

served by a long and hard fight with the sea. Really it is a wonderful story. The late Bishop Haygood estimated that the annual expense of keeping up the dikes of Holland has been from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000. Engineers are constantly employed, and every provision is made to keep them in repair; watchmen are employed to patrol the Dikes day and night, and charged to give alarm whenever the danger appears, or when the tides threaten to over-flow. The people hasten to the point threatened, with mats of straw and rushes and large sheets of sail-cloth, with which to throw up a temporary bulwark, to be more securely built before the approach of the next tide. We can hardly appreciate such an outlay, because we do not fully appreciate the ravages of the sea. For instance, in 1277, at one single inundation, forty-four villages were swept into destruction; ten years later 80,000 persons were destroyed; and in the fifteenth century 100,000 men, women and children were buried in the deep, by the breaking away of one of these dikes. Now, it seems

to me that if parents were as careful of the redeemed nature of children, they would throw up dikes constructed out of the living word of God, and never be satisfied until the entire manhood or womanhood become fruitful in rightness, and impregnable in the midst of the seas of temptation and sin through which they are passing. We ought to remember that evil is strong, wide spread; the devil is loosed; the powers of darkness have developed an intenser activity than at any former period in the history of this race. Let no one dream of Millennial peace, either by day or night; keep the watchman on patrol, listening to the sullen roar and threatening tides, that warning may be given—that the redemed may be preserved unto everlasting holiness. This must be done largely by preoccupying the minds and hearts of children, and by giving them such books to read as will elevate their conceptions, refine their tastes, and fix in them such habits of thought and sentiment as shall forever protect them. "Thou shalt teach them diligently," selecting such thing as are

most potent and never suffering a weak point to go unguarded.

Plato once said: "Could I climb to some mountain and speak to all men, I would ask them why they seek to lay up gold to the neglect of their children; why spend their time seeking that which may curse, and neglect to give them that training which would enable them to seek gold for themselves." Wealth in banks, bonds and estate is not a guarantee against future sorrow. Nay, a large per cent of our criminals have inherited wealth; they are children of wealthy parents and their imprisonment is too often the result of neglect while the wealth was being accumulated. Nine go through the camp of idleness and dissapation, from the lap of luxury to the penitentiary, to every one who goes from the field of honest toil and earnest struggle.

Again: We ought to remember that every fire of life is builded out of the fuel stored in the mind. It is easy to tell what a man reads by studying his productions, deeds and movements, indeed, I never knew but one

man that did not betray his cribbing in his style; no man could tell where Mr. Beecher gathered his material for his talks, lectures, addresses and sermons. It is of greatest importance that parents guard their children while a taste that is to govern the whole life is being formed. You may think, or bring yourself to think, the child will see differently when he comes to mature thought, but you are mistaken. First, he will never come to mature thought unless the mind be stored with that which is creative of thought. You may just as soon expect a child who has given his whole life to the formation and strengthening of the habit for strong drink to stop suddenly and call for cold water, while every fibre of his being calls for whiskey, as to expect the boy who has cultivated a taste for trash and stored his mind with works of fiction and sentimentality to stop suddenly and call for the works of Bacon, Plato and Socrates. The text indicates that these things are to be taught. I do not suppose that the strictest interpretation would for a moment confine the teacher to the sub-

ject named in the text, but every science known to man has a basal truth in this old code, and when the children of men have the principles set forth in the decalogue fully established in the heart, they will have the key to a broader sweep in every field than any generation has yet had. With this view, the decalogue may become to you what the lane was to the famous dreamer, a boundless field without horizon. An American youth, it is said, acquired a good education from Pope's translation of Homer. In it he found elegant language, perfect morals and manners, poetry for his imagination, heroism to inflame his heart, piety to culture his spirit, and by it he was brought into communion with two great men and their Maker, one a Greek, the other an Englishman, and he learned God's method of dealing with these men; and more than all he was guided by the spirit of God in the translation. So shall it be in the study of these principles, we shall have the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, presenting, enforcing and applying Jehovah's thought on life,

its origin, development, culture and immortality.

Mark the text again: "Thou shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." That is, thou shalt make the language of home pure and scriptural, that the joy, kindness, patience, hopefulness and love of the Infinite shall make the place delightful. I think Josephine Pollard has served her generation marvelously well by putting the story of Scriptural life into a beautifully illustrated book, entitled "The Beautiful Day." I wish all parents would read it with their children, for I am sure they would feel that any man who is too busy to teach his children God's law and train them in that which pertains to holy living, is too busy to be a father. Let every father beware lest the claims and public duties of life so preoccupy his time and thought as to forbid his finding a place among the jewels when God makes His selection, and his children be swept away and led to plot against him as did Absolem of old. The language implies more than sim-

ply recitation. It means training, and here many of our superficial readers fail to distinguish when applying the words of Solomon "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." It doesn't say teach, it says train. So many have found a stumbling-block in this passage of scripture, that I stop a moment to emphasize the word "Train" which implies exercise, put into use the principles taught, until it becomes natural, and the sou instinctively closes every avenue of approach at the sound or suggestion of the Evil One.

Parents should fix the impress of a spiritual atmosphere and a right purpose in the heart of the child, so that all questions, social, literary and religious, would be answered by a standard that is prefixed and that preoccupies the life. For instance: if the child does not want to eat, you say it must; and if it doesn't want to wear the clothes provided you don't enter into discussion with it, —Why should you in soul culture? Why not in the higher and more important interests so train the child that it will never think

of discussing the matter, but immediately proceed to act. The importance of this training is enhanced by the shortness of time allowed for preparing the heart and life for the future. No man can afford to waste one moment of the precious time allowed the boy in the home for preparation for future work.

Mothers should never be too busy to help the young heart to bear its little burdens or griefs. They are often too heavy for the young heart. Most mothers can sympathize with the lady who gives her experience in the following story, published in the *Church Evangelist:*

"Mother, mother!" cried little Willie, coming upon me as I sat busily at work, "I have lost my arrow in the grass and can't find it." He was ready to burst into tears at his mishap.

"I am sorry dear," I said, as I went on with my work.

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he asked, with a quivering lip, as he laid hold of my arm.

"I am too busy, dear," I replied. "Go tell Jane to find it for you."

"Jane can't find it," said the little fellow in a choking voice.

"Tell her to look again."

"She has looked all over. Won't you come, mother, and find it for me?"

The tears were rolling down his face, but I was too busy embroidering a little linen sacque I was making for him, and that seemed of more importance than the happiness of my child.

"There, there! Don't be so foolish as to cry at the loss of an arrow; I am ashamed of you! Go look for it yourself."

Willie went crying downstairs, and I heard him in the yard until my patience gave out. "Ellen," I heard him say, "won't you make me an arrow? Here is a stick."

"No, indeed; I have something else to do besides making arrows," said the cook.

I felt vexed at Ellen. She might have done it. If I were not so busy I would make it myself, I thought, and I sewed on as before. Willie's heart was almost broken, but

I was not in a mood to sympathize with him. The loss of an arrow seemed a very trifling thing to me. "Willie," I called out of the window, "you must stop crying."

"I can't find my arrow, and nobody will make me one."

"Go find something else to play with. Come sir, you must stop this crying. I won't have the noise."

"I can't find my arrow," he said, with quivering lip.

"Well, crying won't find it. Come up stairs."

Willie ascended to my room. "Now don't let me hear one word more of this. Take better care of your arrow next time."

There was no sympathy in my tones, for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the annoyance of his crying. The little fellow stifled his grief as best he could, and, throwing himself on the floor, sighed and sobbed for some minutes. Before long he fell asleep. How instantly do our feelings change toward a child when we find it is asleep. Tenderness comes in place of sterner

emotions. I laid aside my work, and, taking Willie in my arms, laid him on my bed. Another deep sigh came from him as his head touched the pillow and was echoed in my heart. Poor child! the loss of the arrow was a great thing to him. I wished that I had put away my work for a few minutes and made him a new one. What is a little time taken from my work to the happiness of my child? I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow; I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping child. When I turned away I did not resume my work, for I had no heart to work on the little garment.

"I went down to the garden, and the first thing that met my eye was the arrow, partly hidden by a rose bush. So easily found! How much would a minute have saved, given at the right time! We learn when too late, and repent when repentance does not avail.

"The first notice I had of his being awake was his gratified exclamation at finding his arrow beside him. His grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was out shooting his

arrow again. But I could not forget it. I was serious for many hours afterwards, for the consciousness of having done wrong, as well as having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings."

It is a remarkable fact that most of the great men who have graced history with their achievements, have received their first inspiration from Christian mothers.

Washington, whose name is still a household treasure in this country, was blessed with a good mother, of whom he once said: "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother." She was not intellectually a strong woman, but retained her youthful ambition, and planned with and for him as living in the same generation. She made home the most delightful place in the world; hence she was the most delightful companion he could possibly have as a boy. We shall never know how much we owe to that woman who guided his thought through the reading of the Bible before she went to her angel home. Thus before he was ten years old, she had established a love

for the Scriptures such as made him a close student of the Bible all his life.

Goethe, the great German poet, was the pet of his mother before she was out of her teens; and retaining her genial, social and intellectual vigor, furnished him inspiration and counsel during the days in which he did his best work. In the language of Napoleon II., who never forgot his allegiance to his mother, Lucretia Bonaparte, "America needs mothers whose authority is characterized by sweet reasonableness, then the children can respect their authority and cherish the principles given them.

SIXTH ADDRESS.

Care of Children.

Ephraim is a cake not turned.

—Hosea 7-8.

Do good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

Youth might be wise.
We suffer less from pain than pleasures.

—Bailey,

CARE OF CHILDREN.

EXODUS, 2-3.—"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink."

In this unique item of history we have a statement of a mother's care for her child in time of peril. The mother's name was Jochebed, of the house of Levi; her son's name was Moses. He was born at a time when Egypt became alarmed because of the prosperity of Israel. The king had done what he could to destroy the fortune of that people. Every male child was to be killed at birth; every promotion was to be given to Egyptians in order to make it impossible for any concert of action among the Israelites. Their burdens were increased in every way so that they had no time for reading or self-improvement. Thus all hope of prosperity or influence was cut off. When the law was in full force Moses was born. Jochebed looked on him with a mother's pride, for we are told he was beautiful in form and come-

liness. To her he was the sweetest babe in all the world, and she purposed in her heart to save him, if possible; so the father was sworn to secrecy and went forth with sealed lips, doubting the propriety of the undertaking perhaps, but willing to aid the wife and mother in doing her best. His hours were full of anxiety as he looked for some sign on his return home night after night, week after week, until months had passed and the child was still with its mother; not a cry had escaped the home; no sign of his presence had appeared; but the hour came when prudence indicated that the child must go. He could no longer be sheltered in safety to himself and the family, and the question arose: How can he be saved from the hand of the law. Doubtless it was the topic of conversation by day and by night, until at last plans were adopted and the ark was constructed, into which the babe was placed. The place where the king's daughters came daily to bathe was selected for the spot of deposit in the Nile. How carefully that Hebrew mother pitched the ark. I

think every stick, thread, daub, was made in prayer that God would shield, protect and save her child. Precious treasure placed in the water with a prayer for the sympathy and attention of the king's daughter. There was but one chance for the child—if the heart of the fathers could be stirred. How long that sailless craft floated on the Nile we have no means of knowing, but the hour came and the daughter arrived, to be greeted by a sharp, clear voice. What is it? What can it be? A child—yes, the ark contains a beautiful boy, a Hebrew child. Some mother has placed this treasure here with a "God bless you" in order to preserve his life. The child weeps and the womanly instincts are moved; her nature is mightier than law. Those tears on the face of the helpless babe in the river was more than she could resist. Those tears spoke as no human voice could speak. What is here—a child amid the waters—floods to come, crocodiles to devour. No—no—though it is a Hebrew babe, and a mother's hand had placed it there. The heart of the woman was moved, and she,

turning to Miriam, who had been standing there, bids her run bring a nurse, and Miriam, only too gladly, hastens to the praying mother. "Mother, she wants a nurse to care for the babe, our darling babe." None can tell with what mingling emotions that mother went forth to meet the king's daughter; thinking how she could hide the facts from the King's threat, and wondering how long she would be permitted to care for her child. Shall it be weeks months or years? What is to be the future of my child? Returning with her babe the air is full of "God bless you, my darling! God hath given you back to me for a little time; I'll do the best for you while I am permitted to keep you." There are some very profitable lessons here.

Our children are threatened by forces more ruinous to character and strength than the threats of Pharaoh. Every day we are called to look on wrecks along the shores of time, ruined by the forces ordained and sanctioned by the authorities of the land, and these wrecks are from our homes.

Not long ago a lad seventeen years of age, who lived in Nova Scotia was murdered by a boy of eleven, living in the most pleasant part of Brunswick street, within a gun-shot of half a dozen churches. Twenty-four hours later we read the details of a foul murder committed by three boys in the city of Boston, one of the actors being sixteen years old. Twenty-four hours more and New York is shocked by the death of a boy from one of her wealthiest homes. He had been known as a prodigal and a drunkard. His mother had not seen or known of her son's whereabouts for ten years. Now she looks on the face of her dead. She at first did not know her own child, but at length she recognized one feature after another, and then throwing up her hands she cried: "It is he, my long lost son." He had gone out from a home of wealth to run the brief career of a profligate, and had died the death of a vagabond. And so day after day some youth, once fair and held the joy of a mother's heart, reaches the sad end of an ignoble career. The record of youthful wanderings from virtue is like the

scroll which the prophet saw in his sad vision; it is written within and without, and is full of lamentation, mourning and woe. Must this havoc go on? Can nothing be done that will arrest this ruin? What young person in our home, school or congregation is safe amid the sweeping tides of sin? How are the young borne down the rapid stream of dissipation from innocence? Where are the children of this century when the shades of night gather? Alas, too often in the presence of men and women whose only business here is to ruin others, that they may endure their own shame. We are not ignorant of these things. We wait with many a misgiving for the safe return and the keeping of promises made. They come to tell us it shall never be repeated. Still those frail forms go swinging at the movement of time, fascinated and charmed with music to the midnight supper, and the wine is telling its story. We see it and hope for a change, but it will never come till health is gone and character ruined.

Come with me into real life for a moment.

Before we enter the presence of the victim, I want to tell you something of the case. You will meet a poor, dejected countenance with pale cheeks, sunken eyes, withered form—a boy of 27 years of age, whom none think of only to pity and to loathe. Who is he? He was once one of the most beautiful and charming young men in town. But the time of amusements came and the parents had thought him safe; they were members of the christian church and he a prominent member of the Sunday-school; they had yielded to the popular idea of accomplishment to be found in the social dance. Their boy went forth, fresh, pure, and graceful, to return sick, wrecked, ruined; charged with shame, and the ruin of others. He is waiting, with compliments of the season, for death to close the chapter of his sad career. Did you ever attend the last services of such a person? Certainly, often; and at the grave have heard the good parson say; "God hath seen fit to take the soul of the departed out of this world." Ah, God hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Sin drove that

fair spirit from the form now cold in death. The poor child had danced all night in thin apparel; he had consented to accompany as an escort some fair lady through the sharp wind of the morning in a tired and exhausted condition; and alas, the distance was too great, the wind too cold. He had exposed himself to shield his friend, and in a few short hours he is dead, murdered with his own consent; and the charge will often be found at the door of home—mother and father.

My readers, you who are responsible for the lives of children, I lift my voice against these forms of evil, tolerated in society and apologized for in our American homes, and because of that fact we are endangered more than we ever stop to think of. Because of the social and civil support given the leaders in ruin, they are made bold and our children confident. And you have no assurance that your boy will escape the blight unless the character is made. Ten thousand snares are set for the young you know nothing of; they did not exist when you were young. The narcotics used in this age are sowing the

seeds of dissipation as never before. The literature of this age is most dangerous. While the liquor traffic, tolerated and legalized, is sweeping its thousands into endless shame annually. Our children must live in these streets to a large degree if they succeed in accomplishing anything in this life. One thing remains for us to do; cover them with a coat of mail that will withstand the missiles of ruin to which they are exposed. "Build for them an ark." Mrs. Jochebed had little to aid her in fitting her son for the work awaiting him. Israel was no longer what it had been in the days of Jacob and Joseph. A slave, living in the worst form of slavery, yet she gave to the world a man second to none, unless it be Paul. Surely there must have been some invisible presence to inspire that mother and train that boy; for she gave him what the belles of society never give their children, if children they have. He came forth with a manliness and power society never gave a giddy woman's son. She gave him a woman's devotion and a giant's will, and sent him to unfold and

re-live her life with all the influence his position in the Court gave him. Here then is mother's opportunity to bless the world, for there is no law more uniform in this life than the law of reproduction of the mother's life in the boy. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered and violent; what of her son? Napoleon's mother was a most beautiful, energetic and ambitious lady; he said, "It was my mother who first inspired me with the desire to be great." Sir Walter Scott's mother was a lover of poetry and painting: no marvel that her son is the greatest of Scottish bards. Patrick Henry's mother was remarkable for her conversational powers; and her son was the American Demosthenes. Washington's mother was pure, true and pious; and her illustrious son exemplifies her virtues. John Quincy Adams' mother was distinguished for intelligence and piety; and her son said, "I owe all that I am to my mother." The mother of John Wesley was extraordinary for her intellectuality, piety and executive ability; and she is justly called "The mother of Methodism." Benjamin

West, that distinguished artist ascribed his renown to his mother's kiss. When a youth he sketched his baby sister asleep in her cradle. In that rough outline his mother saw the evidence of genius, and in her maternal pride she kissed her son. In after life West was wont to say, "That kiss made me an artist."

Mothers' impressions have a resurrection in second childhood. Dr. Nott, so long President of Union College, relasped into second childhood. and when restless he was easily quieted to sleep by Watts' cradle hymn:

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber."

The last time he conducted family worship, he forgot himself and concluded with the well-known lines, beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep." I do not wonder that Robert Hall said, "The family is the seminary of the social affections and the cradle of sensibility where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cements mankind together. and were they entirely

extinguished, the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved.

From Christian homes come forth the saints of the church. Recall Samuel and Jeremiah and John the Baptist, who were sanctified from their birth. Good King Josiah knew the Lord when but eight years old. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. Polycarp died at the age of ninety-five, and had served the Lord eighty-six years; hence he was but nine when converted. Baxter embraced the Savior when a youth; Jonathan Edwards at the age of seven; Isaac Watts at nine; Matthew Henry at eleven, and Robert Hall at twelve.

I do not wonder that the famous statesmen of all nations, as Draco, Lycurgus, Solon, Napoleon and Washington gave attention to childhood. How precious the influence of mother. There is no velvet so soft as mother's lap, no rose so sweet as a mother's cheek, no music so charming as a mother's voice, and no way for any mother to accomplish so much as by preparing her son or sons to relive a holy life.

The safety of the boy while at home is only a small part of the contract. The great work is in preparing a coat of mail that shall protect him when he enters the arena of life. One thing only can guarantee safety when the time comes to go,—a character made invulnerable. This must be done by constant watchfulness.

If we suffer the young to go out from our homes without being able to state their convictions and give a reason for their hope, the chances are they will never reach any point of decision in religious matters. You may feel afraid to urge your son or daughter to a question of so much importance, and you may flatter yourself that your child is better than some poor, weak, faltering christian you know; but a moment's reflection will show this to be folly. In matters of religion we do more for our children before they are six years old than afterward.

On the summit of the Rocky Mountains there are two lakes 10,000 feet above the level af the sea, so near together that a boy standing on the shores of one may throw a

stone into the other, and with a little effort they might both be turned into one channel, but the West lake sends its waters down over the Eastern slope from plateau to plateau, with increasing force, until it makes its way through the Father of Waters into the Atlantic, while the Eastern goes over the Western slope into the Columbia, and on into the Pacific. It were an easy matter to have changed either, but now who shall gather the waters from the Mississippi and carry them up 10,000 feet to send them Westward? Who shall change their destiny in the emblem of eternity?

So it is an easy matter to mould that little child while mother is all the world, and father is the best God ever made. No love like mother's to a small child; it will melt the whole Bible into living precepts in that heart, and father is the greatest man God ever made until the child sees one wrong act.

Plato, the great Greek philosopher, had a rule that when he found a child in fault, he went immediately to his parents to correct

them. Parents, teachers, what if God should place in your hands diamonds, saying: "Whatsoever ye write on these shall be read in the light of endless day before the assembled universe. With what care would you select and write on those precious jewels. Well, these immortal spirits are in your hands; what are you writing on them?

Alexander, while in England, was given a watch, and on his return to Russia looked through his kingdom for a jeweler to repair it, but sought in vain. He was obliged to send it to England for readjustment. There were many to try, but it was too valuable for experiment.

Let not unskilled hands touch these immortal minds. God alone can save them.

A young man in his cell, visited by his mother, said: "Mother, had you done your duty, I should not be here as a murderer." "Why, my child, I never told you to do a wrong thing in my life." "No, nor a good thing either; you left me to choose for myself and do as I had a mind to."

Does the Church insist on men, women

and children having a definite reason for their acceptance or rejection of the truth we preach, or are we satisfied to have them respectful sympathizers with the Church because their parents are members? Are we rejoicing in the benevolence and orthodoxy of our Sunday school and church, and failing to do anything toward persuading sinners to flee from the wrath to come? If so, are we not practically saying to men and women: "It is enough that ye be Scribes and Pharisees," while wringing down the ages is the testimony of Jesus: "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

After years of experience and much inquiry, I am convinced that the most of these Ephraimites might have been thoroughly saved had the right word been spoken at the right time. There have been times in their past history when under the influence of prayer or sermon the spirit so melted the heart that one drop of truth dropped by a loving heart would have entered the life to

germinate and grow. Then from the depth of the heart they cried: "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

But the man who preached the sermon turned away in utter indifference, or some member of his church offered a criticism upon the sermon, and the poor man went away to grieve and harden in his indifference to truth and enmity toward God.

Others have been awakened to confess their sins, but met by a cuff, scold, storm, or criticised in a way that chilled them, were driven into sins to hide their deeds from further publicity, and covering their ways, they become hard in their judgment of men who profess religion.

Nay, my brothers, the Balaams, the Sophiras and Ephraimites are not the fruit of one deed, but the result of many influences.

Mr. Hazelwood, now a leading Baptist clergyman, when a boy was boarding in a Christian family, with whom he attended church. One night, under the preaching of the Word, he was greatly moved; he wept bitterly over his sins, and on returning home

family prayers came without a word or even the mention of his name. He went to his room to weep alone, and soon felt that they had no particular interest in his salvation, and wandered in sin for years. Had they said one word he might have escaped those years of sorrow.

Did you ever watch the formation of an icicle? If left to the work of the sun and the law of gravitation, you will have a body of ice, moss, sediment, spotted and ugly; an unsightly mess just in proportion to the condition of the surface over which or through which the water passes; but if you stand there and watch the water and blow out the moss and stay the sediment, you may have a most perfect body of ice, clear as crystal, spotless, transparent, and perfectly invulnerable in its present condition. But mark, it has been a matter of growth, drop after drop, guided by constant watchfulness. So the formation of character is rendered by slow and constant work, and if every impression is guarded, every addition from the world must be guided. This superintendency of details is all important.

Some years ago, an Eastern man who had amassed a large fortune, was asked the secret of his marvelous success. Was it industry? Not wholly, for others had worked as hard and long, who were still poor. Was it energy? No, others with more energy were in poverty. Nor luck. But if in any one thing, it was in the careful attention to details, leaving nothing to subordinates, but putting his hand on all interest.

So with the great architect and designer of Florence, one of the wonders of Italy. He did not content himself in leaving the execution of his plans to others, but personally superintended the laying of the brick. It is said every brick that went into that dome was examined by him.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Train and superintend while the child does the things which are correct, and by the act of the mind the child will become right, as a habit of right is established. Train him in reference to future life that which he is to be, where he is to go,

what he is to do. I think Moses' mother did not suffer any to work on that ark in her absence; she superintended that coat of mail: too precious was that cargo to be sent out to sea in any uncertain craft.

Here many stumble and fail, thinking when they teach their children to do certain things they have done all that can be done, and hence it matters little who has to do with them in school or street. I've told them, therefore they will not go to the bad; if they do, then the Scriptures are not true and Solomon is a false prophet. Now I do not propose to give any rules for governing a family or families, but one thing is clearly set forth as a fact; children will not be impressed with any teaching that is not illustrated in the life of the teacher, and we can never successfully teach others that which we have not; or, in other words, you cannot give your child what you do not possess. If you are a coward, you cannot make him brave; if you are selfish, you cannot make him generous; no more than Christ can make his followers what he is not. He saves

his followers by putting His life within them. We must first have the Christ life with its righteousness, then implant it in the life of the child; then "when he is old he will not depart from it."

I have read of a violin, that no matter who drew the bow, it spoke of the skill of the master. Of course this is a poetic fancy. But when a little child is held on its mother's bosom, loved, caressed, nursed, bound to the mother's heart, prayed with and for, wept over, talked with, and wrought on for days, weeks, months and years, it does not take a strong imagination to say that that child will live out the mother's life and reproduce the mother's heart with the strength of two hearts.

John Randolph said: "I used to be called a Frenchman because I took the French side in politics, and I should have been a French Atheist had it not been for one recollection; that was the memory of the time when my departed mother took me away and caused me to kneel and say: "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc.

What more can we hope to give the child

for time and eternity than our convictions of truth woven into character as they go forth into life. What more ought we to expect in the great gathering of saints and sinners, than that they shall be found with us. Our homes are but the type of the home we make for ourselves; and in just so far as Christ works in us, will He work for us in the preparation of that mansion which is eternal.

I have read of a father and son shipwrecked. They clung to the rigging for a time, and then the son was washed off and the father saw him no more, until he, too, fell. In the morning, when the father was rescued in an unconscious state and found himself on a soft bed, he turned his head, and there lay his son a bed by his side, having been rescued by the same kind hand. The fishermen on the beach had rescued both.

So, one by one, we are being swept by the tide of death, but if one in Christ, we shall wake in the mansion house, face to face with all our loved ones. God grant that our broken circles may be reinstated in the fair land of immortality is my sincere prayer.

SEVENTH ADDRESS.

Faults of Children as Seen by Parents.

A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

---Solomon, Prov. X-1.

Eli's sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not.—I. SAMUEL, 3-13.

I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. It is no good report that I hear; ye make the Lord's people to transgress.—ELI—I. SAMUEL 2, 23-24.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—WORDSWORTH.

CHILDREN AS SEEN BY PARENTS.

When the hearts of parents grow old under the warm and tender influences of the Spirit of God, they are sure to become lenient. Time mellows such hearts, and they should be admired and reverenced by all who seek the good of home, school and society. To be with such spirits is to be inspired by their utterances and cheered by their benedictions.

I would that all the children of this generation could appreciate the blessing of such teachers. It is of untold value to the opening mind of the young to be able to sit by the big arm chair aud see the saintly grandsire lay aside his spectacles, look into the face and heart of his child or grandchild, and start in for an hour's chat. Those who have never had it, of course cannot appreciate or miss it. Nay, only those who have known the thoughtfulness and care developed by such hours can fully realize what it is to home. I am glad that the patriarchs do not

stay away when the minister directs his words to the young. I sincerely hope the day will soon come when the young people will return to that companionship with parents and teachers that shall create an interest, mutually entertaining and profitable.

I am not sure that the tendency to separate the young from the aged in matters of commerce, literature and worship is wholly profitable. I admit that many things can be said in favor of young people organizing and holding services by themselves, for I know it will develop an individuality and interest in the work and responsibility for the same that cannot be developed in general lines of work; but if that kind of advice helps to excuse from the general services of the church and from financial responsibilities in connection with the general interests of the church, I am absolutely sure it will be detrimental to the cause and to the young people themselves.

To-day every interest, commercial, social, political, ecclesiastical and religious is written up for the young, which seems in itself

to be all right, and there is more to be said in favor of the young people having their own papers, magazines and books than on any other line; hence we have the paper for the aged, the middle-aged, the young man, the youth, and the infant; but suppose the reading of these works shall separate the children from the parents, in all their mental activities and achievements, and we are forced to live in two or more worlds while passing from the cradle to the grave; we must leave the young and enter that of the old, with little that prepares us, and at a time when it is not easy to take up new lines of thought and reading; nevertheless there will come a time when you and I will have to leave the young people's world and enter that of the venerable seers.

Personally, I believe it would be better for the general interests of the church, the social interests of society, and the financial interests of the state, if we could have the cream and the illustrations of all these publications set forth in one paper, and the amount of money expended to keep up the

separate funds and editorial departments expended under one head.

I was intensely interested a few days ago in one of our homes to find a mother who had given her time and energy to the children by going through with them every text book, learning every lesson, of every child, from the primary to the graduating exercises of the University. That woman to-day is as young as any child she has, as fresh and buoyant; and the youngest child is as thoughtful, candid and reverential as the mother. To my mind that is the best type of human society.

The first fault seen by the parent "is an unwillingness to adopt and approve of the published faith of their fathers." I say approve, because there are so many who proclaim one thing and approve and publish another. This is true of both parents and children. Some years ago a gentleman came into the village of Houlton, Maine, to secure a home and make arrangements for his son to attend school. He was known to be an advocate of infidelity, but he sought and

found a religious home where prayer went up daily from the family altar; and said, "I do not hesitate to say that I want my child brought up under religious influences." Now that man talked one thing and believed another; and he was only one of a thousand who, perhaps half unconsciously, proclaim one and approve another theory.

Joseph brought his children to the bedside of his father for a blessing; and as the old saint looked back over the checkered life he had lived, he said: "The God before whom my fathers did walk, the God which did feed me all my lifelong unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!"

That to parents is the one inestimable legacy for all children; hence the chief fault as seen by the parents is that "The young do not receive the blessings sought for them by the fathers." No greater blessing can be wished for than that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob should be theirs; and there are not a few young men who feel as the fathers felt. There are multitudes who de-

light in the thought of being in the line of promise, and being the children of those who have lived and died in possession of the faith once delivered to the saints. Many rejoice more and take a deeper sense of pride in the thought of having had christian parents and inherited in them the fruits of christianity than in anything else the world has to give. Indeed, I doubt if you could find a boy or girl of moral habits and a fair degree of intelligence, who would exchange his or her christian inheritance for anything this world has to give. They prize it more highly than that of having been born of Princes and Nobles, and they speak of it with more pride than the struggling apologist, who holds himself in line by reciting the fact that his mother's uncle or his first wife's grandfather was a grandson of one of the Lords. Yes, invaribly, men overtaken with sorrow, poverty or distress, will tell you that they've an uncle or a grandfather who was a minister, and that their people all belonged to the Church, with a feeling that allies them with the real aristocracy of

heaven, and that thus partaking of the nature of Diety, they should be cared for and helped. And herein is a mystery: that these men who glory in the fact that their fathers and their grandfathers and great grandfathers have lived and died in the church should themselves stay outside, and like Hoppni Phineas, Absolem and Mammon, grieve their parents and bring them to premature graves by refusing to accept that which is absolutely essential to the affinity which makes possible union in happiness.

This is the most grievous fault the children of this generation have. Every christian parent asks, "How can my children stay away from the feast prepared, the worship offered, and the blessing promised?"

Reader, how do you account for this feeling and attitude of the young people? Why should any one feel a sense of shame at publicly confessing their faith in the religion of the fathers? Why do not they delight as much in wearing the jewelry of heaven as in boasting of their fathers? How can you suffer the Samuels and Hezekiahs to come

into possession of that to which you are rightfully entitled, by neglecting the mercies of God?

"Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our Eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure:
Sufficient in thine arm alone
And our defense is sure."

The second fault as seen by the parents "is in the desire to store the mind with those things that so fully preoccupy the mind as to exclude the more lasting treasures of the kingdom." Very few young hearts appreciate this statement. They cannot see what the preoccupying of the mind with such things as create taste, desire and delight means to them. The result of sin is more serious than at first we think.

John came home the other day with his school report, which read: Arithmetic 66, geography 47, writing 70, deportment 74; whole number in class 16, rank in class 16. "Well, John, that means you are at the

foot of the class." "I suppose it does." "How did that happen?" "Don't know." "Do you see that basket full of apples?" "Yes, sir." "Go empty them into the corner; then take the basket out into the wood house and fill it half full of chips." He did as his father bade him, not knowing the purpose for which he was sent. Then said the father: "Put in the apples." The boy piled them in as long as he could, then, looking up, he said: "The basket won't hold them, father." "Why not?" "Because it is half full of chips." "That's the reason your mind could not hold the problems of arithmetic; the rules of grammar and the law of the school; it was preoccupied with chips,"

This illustration does not meet the worst feature of preoccupying the mind, for it is an easy matter to empty the mind of that which is distasteful and has not become a part of the mind; but when it is occupied with those things that furnish pleasure, entertainment and delight, it is not an easy matter to empty the mind, for they have become part of the mind, by creating a taste

and interest in those things. Every boy and girl in love knows the first time the heart was captured by the boy or girl who to them was the prettiest, most charming and delightfully entertaining person in all the world, it was impossible for them to be perfectly happy unless they were in his or her presence or doing something for them. Why? Because the mind was so fully and satisfactorily occupied as to forbid the reception of anything else. It is just that which makes the preoccupying of the mind with trash and frivolity so harmful. I have seen men and women who were sensible in most things, so perfectly carried away with the creation of fancy as to be utterly unfitted for work, thought or improvement. If forced to meet engagements and attend to business, they fill in the hours with work and mistakes, chiefly mistakes, waiting to get to their room and the book, to see how Isabella got out in the half-read story. Oh, my precious young friends, think of that mother who has given her life to you for your comfort, pride and support, but is now forced to toil and sacri-

fice because of your shiftlessness and inability to make your own way in the world; or worse, to see that you have so long cherished doubt as to be an endless NO to all that is good and hopeful. Remember, it is the wise son that maketh glad the heart of the father.

The third fault that I call attention to "is a disposition to dismiss Providence and substitute science and philosophy." This to a parent is most grievous, because in the earlier history of this country they were thrown into straits and conditions such as debarred them from any other source of help than that of Divine Providence, and having learned of God's divine ministries and methods of supply, they do not see how any one can speak slightingly of or doubt its timeliness and satisfaction; and there are Jacobs many, who, having left home under forbidding circumstances, to be thrown upon a stormy sea amid temptations and trials from Exodus to Goshen, threatened by famine, left homeless and penniless, to be brought providentially into home and

plenty, and when threatened at the hand of their Esau, have seen the interposition of the Almighty, who knighted them as princes with power to prevail with God and men, cannot understand how anyone can be indifferent to the promises of God or to the conditions that make those promises available.

To them it is a tested and unquestionable fact that "They who put their trust in the Lord shall not lack any good thing;" hence they cannot understand how people at any stage of life can persist in fighting life's battles single handed and alone; why don't they submit to God and receive His providential care? for this would remove all sense of worry and tax to keep young. There are those who exhaust the arts of the druggist to blot out the marks of age and defy nature in her effort to crown with diadems of beauty surpassing anything that art ever put on the brow of a monarch. "You are on the shady side of seventy, I suspect." "No," was the quick reply, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest glory." I wonder

what this promise really means to the average young man of to-day: "Put your trust in God and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." To the average christian parent it means that under all circumstances, in the midst of difficulties, misunderstandings and mysteries God will meet all demands and supply all needs according to his riches in glory; and it would seem that those who have perverted the law of God and ceased to conform to its requirements will sooner or later learn by experience that the ways of righteousness are paths of peace, while the ways of the transgressor are hard.

Dr. Davidson says: "In my long experience as pastor, I have found that ninety per cent of those men who come to me for help have turned away from or neglected the simple precepts of home and church in order to experience for themselves!" and you would laugh if you knew how completely and how often the average minister is taken in by gentlemanly looking fellows who appeal to them as the sons of clergymen, stranded in a strange city; and much of this wandering

meandering is due to the indiscrete manner and method of presenting the truths and doctrines in new robes and forms. They tell us that the system of faith which served the purpose so well in the days of the fathers is not sufficient for the sons of today; they must have a broader, more pliable system of ethics than those practiced by the fathers; and they sometimes cite illustrations like the following: "The Eddystone lighthouse was considered one of the finest in the world in its day, but there came a time when it would no longer serve the purpose, and a new Eddystone lighthouse, miles away from the first one was built, and they tell us No. 1 served the fathers, but was not sufficiently brilliant for the children. Now there is a half truth in this, but the half truth pertains to the location and condition of the lighthouse, not the light, for it was light in both places and the same kind of light, but the conditions of the sea had so changed the channel by the floating of great islands under the great sea, as to create bars and reefs, and lighthouse No. 1 was not in posi-

tion to reveal the dangers created by the change in the channel, so a new lighthouse was demanded for the purpose of throwing the light onto the danger newly created.

So those who think that the religion of the fathers, the chart and the Bible, and evangelical beliefs are not sufficient for the claims of the hour, fail to distinguish between the gospel of the Son of God and the means of getting it before the people. It is true that the waves of modern criticism, scientific investigation and evolution, dashing against the old methods of thought and arguments, have disturbed many things, but not one jot or one tittle of the Truth has in any sense been disturbed. It was the gospel of the Son of God that saved the fathers, and that alone can save the children; the efficacy of pardon, and the necessity of regeneration abide the same in all ages, under all circumstances. I invite you, therefore, young men and young women, to the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers and the Bible which they read and the Cross on which the world hangs its eternal expecta-

tion. Give not up this precious book—make it the counsel and guiding star of your life.

See the poor girl who received a letter from her lover across the sea thirty years ago; in it is a promise of his return, which she has cherished for thirty years. Like Holland's "Crazy Kate," she stands on the rock gazing hopefully across the saddened sea into the yellow sunset, if perchance she may catch a glimpse of the long expected one who promised to return for her. Who is there that could be so inhuman as to tear that letter from her hand and throw it into the waves. It is all she has from over the sea. Just so, the Bible is all we have. It is the one regenerating, redemptive agency of the world; the only sound that ever came to us from the other side of the waves. If we lose it, we lose everything. How cruel, yea, inhuman, that spirit which unsettles the confidence and faith of the young in the Bible, until they have something better to offer. When the saintly father of Dr. Davidson was nearing the heavenly port he wrote on

the fly-leaf of his pocket Bible this original poem:

Stand still and see my waking soul,
How near the waves of Jordan roll.
The weary wilderness is past,
And thou has reached its verge at last.

And now anxious eyes implore
The verdant banks of Caanan's shore.
That land of God's best blessing blest,
Where Israel's pilgrims ever rest.

There, washed all o'er in Jesus' blood;
As Naaman was in Jordan's flood.
May this sick, sin-polluted soul
Be made like him, both clean and whole.

Now let me plunge beneath the tide,
Safely emerge on yonder side.
And thus exchange earth's poor alloy
For an eternity of joy.

"When the standard of the Union is raised and waves over my head—the standard which Washington planted on the ramparts of the Constitution—God forbid that I should inquire whom the people have commissioned to unfurl it and bear it up! I only ask in what manner, as an humble individual, I can best discharge my duty in defending it."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

EIGHTH ADDRESS.

Ideals.

"Industrious wisdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable."

---Old Play.

"Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind."

—LOWELL.

"Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."

—QUARLES.

IDEALS.

Ideals represent and possess a power few have any idea of. When once their minds are turned to them they grow to immeasurable proportions. Dr. David Greggs, in his excellent book on Ideals, presents as an illustration of power the effect on a ragged, unkept child, who in her wanderings through the market place in an Italian city came into the presence of the statue of a Greek slave girl. The form represented a slave tidy, well dressed and handsome. The poor girl stood and gazed at it with admiration. She hastened from that place to wash her face and comb her hair. She returned to gaze again and again, until her torn garments were washed and mended, and her whole life transformed. That statue was not only an ideal, but an inspiration. Happy, if young men and women would study the lives of those who embody and illustrate the principles of real greatness, for they have an advantage over that of studying abstract prin-

ciples by adding the results of application. Therefore they who study the lives of Henry Wilson, Isaac Rich, Michael Faraday, James A. Garfield, and others of similar characteristics, may dwell amid the fruits of industry, thoughtfulness and conviction, persistently, practically and religiously applied. They may never have solved the problems of poverty amid environments of slavery. Henry Wilson solved them. He was born under a mortgage, suffered for want of food, educated himself, commanded the attention of the world, and died in advanced years high in honor, to be known in history for all time as a "Christian Statesman." This he did by applying the powers of his triune nature practically and conscientiously. Is it of no value to a young man to know that he who gave Boston University one and three-fourth millions of dollars, walked from Cape Cod to Boston, with three dollars as capital with which to go into business? He hadn't money enough on earth to pay the care fare. His first investment was in three bushels of oysters, which he wheeled into market in a

borrowed wheel-barrow, and with a three cent pepper box, some iron knives, and upon a board by the side of the street, peddled them out. Thus began the millionaire—a man that the livery men of Boston dared not trust for the board of a horse, so he wheeled his supplies three miles in a wheel-barrow with his own hands.

Study the life and deeds of Faraday, Europe's newspaper boy and mightiest chemist, as one and the same person. Or Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Bacon, Luther, Lincoln or Garfield; men who wheeled their fortunes and blacked the students' boots with a zest and success that enabled them to rise in eminence and strength. To them success was in being able to do better work as they moved up the scale of responsibility. Why are there so many men sitting in the shade of a little petty victory; men with just money enough to keep the wolf from the door living without work, to be fed, clothed and waited upon as they get out once or twice a year to vote against improvements in order to keep taxes down? Why, because

of low ideals. It may be all right for spiders to plan and build on the wasting banks of time, but man is too large to be satisfied with the achievements of Nehemiah or Nebuchadnezzar, that ended in the dust. What if with Napoleon men succeed in crossing the burning sands of Egypt and the icy ways of Russia, in command of willing subjects, or if with Cyrus they turn the Euphrates from its wonted course and shout "Victory" across the plains of earth, that must end when "The lion and the lamb lie down together." What then?

What if with our own honored conqueror men secure the honors of war, reign successfully in peace, and be greeted with honor in every port on earth, is there nothing grander and greater than this little earth, tossed in the rays of the sun like a foot-ball on the school ground? Must immortal man, inspired of God, die without seeing that kingdom where illimitable space, with boundless wealth, offers to all the privilege of beholding and doing until they reach perfection in manhood?

It is said the Duke of Brunswick gained two and one-fourth millions of diamonds and housed them in a vault in his house. Then he entered to worship them. None save his servant, who held the key and knew the combination was allowed to visit him. There the duke stayed with revolvers in hand and a chime of bells at his head, touched by a small wire that surrounded his whole house. There he dwelt fearing hourly lest his servant should betray him—or be he murdered—watching his speechless treasures, waiting for death to release him and render him penniless. That was his ideal.

When Charles Sumner stood in the senate of this republic men revered him, and bowed down before him, as the great senator from Massachusetts. That was his ideal.

When Henry Wilson fell, there came a hush over this country, and at the gateway of glory a welcome. He had few jewels, less robes, but he had the confidence of all who knew him, the approval of God.

Mr. Garfield's ideal was unique and high. Said he when asked to stoop for policy's

sake: "I must have the respect of James A. Garfield." That to him was worth more than anything policy could confer.

It is well for all young men to keep company with these beacon lights; live and commune with Hamilton and Henry, Madison and Adams, Jefferson and Randolph, Knox and Washington, Webster and Clay, Sumner and Wilson, Franklin and Edison, Sherman and Grant, Chase and Lincoln. Fortunate are the men who keep in touch with the self-reliant, kingly spirits of such leaders and conquerors in this hour of subtle problems, for they will inspire the best preparation for the age into which we have come. It means much to succeed in the year of our Lord 1900. Once men could lay and work their plans with the assurance of success. Not so to-day. This is an age of emergencies. The unexpected and never anticipated is constantly happening, calling for the keenest intellects and the steadiest nerves. Preparation is in view of the unexpected always. Some years ago a gentleman in Chicago lost $25,000 one day between the hours

of 2 and 4 p. m., and many of his neighbors lost more. They became wild, all their plans were frustrated and they overcome; but my friend seized the opportunities and before 10 o'clock the next day had made $40,000 out of the debris. He who goes forth without needful preparation will be derailed and wrecked. Therefore the wise keep company with thinking men that they may learn to think consecutively. Thinking is one thing, thinking consecutively is another. It was not simply thinking that produced the watch so small as not to be noticed on the finger of a lady, beneath her dress-glove, and yet so perfect as to run for a year without the variation of sixty seconds.

It was trained thinking that held an engine in the brain of Collis until acres stirred at his will; but, gentlemen, such thinking costs something. Never be satisged short of the best tools and the best results.

Dr. Crooks tells a good story of a boy who wanted an ax and went into a place where axes were sold for the purpose of buying one,

He saw some, bright and beautiful, but the price was beyond his purse. "Well," said the man, "I have axes that I will sell you at a lower price, but they are not bright." "No," replied the boy, "I want a bright axe." The dealer said: "I can make one of those bright for you, and if you will turn the grindstone I will do so." The boy gladly acceded to his proposition; but when the man began to bear on the grindstone the boys arms began to grow weary and he said: "Is it not done?" "No," replied the man, "it isn't done yet." After a little the boy again said: "It must be done now." "See," said the man, as he held up the axe, "it is only speckled." He was weary and answered: "I like speckled axes best." Too frequently young men with rare opportunities are willing to go forth to hew their way through life's thickets with only "speckled axes." And being uplifted dwell in idleness until they are not expressible. Some months ago I was riding in the Green Mountains of Vermont and it was a bitter cold day. The car was very cold and I said to the porter: "Why

don't you heat up?" I saw that he had plenty of hard wood. "Well, Massa," said he, "that 'ere wood is having a hard time to 'spress itself through this old stove. You see it hasn't been doing anything all summer." There are lots of people who haven't been doing anything all summer, and the interests of many suffer because of their inability to express themselves.

The first ideal illustrated by these lives is that of helpfulness. They were the personification of helpfulness, such as made life real. It is more than a play, entertainment or pastime. It becomes a series of duties and responsibilties demanding the whole time between cradle and coffin with largest sacrifice possible. It will stimulate every one to secure an education for life under all circumstances.

Now in order to reach such an ideal, the young must decide early what things to leave out, and what things not to know; it were well in the run of eternity to study the secrets of entertainment, the rest of recreation, the achievements of art, the revelations

of science, the claims of social life and the responsibilities of public life; indeed it would be well had we the time to blend all the desirable characteristics of an Irving, Carlyle, Angelo, Winchell, Depew and Gladstone all in one, but life is too short; no one ought to hope to succed in all things in this life; he had better leave ought such interests as are only ornamental and enjoyable; better go through life without wealth, amusement, fame and recreation than to grow into manhood or womanhood ignorant and undisciplined; better from the lowest standard, for there is nothing that gives such fadeless beauty and permanent pleasure as a trained mind, cultured spirit, and courageous heart.

General Gordon when in Soudan offered a native a drink of cold water, but he declined saying: "I had a drink yesterday, and water is a luxury in this country; I cannot indulge in luxuries every day; it would lead to expensive living." The general said: "I was impressed with the importance of being content with plain, nutritious food. Cer-

tainly it would aid many in reaching higher intellectual achievements, and save from nervous and moral dyspepsia. There is strength in the old proverb: "He who eats and drinks little eats and drinks much, for he lives longer to do so."

Dr. John Hall, of New York, once said, that he found it a means of grace to stand before the great shop-windows on Broadway and thank God for the large number of things in the windows that he could do without. I have read of a little boy whose mother gave him a ring which he greatly prized. One day he lost it, and stepping aside he prayed most earnestly. His younger sister laughingly said to him: "What's the good of praying about a ring; praying will never bring it back." "Perhaps not, but praying has done this for me it, has made me quite willing to do without the ring if it is God's will, and that is better than having it and being constantly anxious lest I lose it again."

But above all other considerations is that of health. Young men, you cannot afford to exchange that for pleasure, friendship,

wealth, or knowledge. Happy for this country if our young men, in coming from the country to the cities, would stick to the home diet and the exercises that keeps up physical strength. But there are some good people who seem to think that because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, Kirk White was a consumptive, and William Cooper a dyspeptic, therefore delicacy and weakness are necessary to highest success. They forget, or never knew, that Max Cheney could outrun every fellow in his class and leap over a five rail gate; that Martin Luther could thrash any five of his persecutors. Nay, nay, physical health and strength is of first importance; and one of the greatest sins of the American people, and one they should be most ashamed of, is that hundreds of thousands go down prematurely in death by the use of rum and tobacco. It is a burning shame! Young men cannot afford to exchange the glory and strength of youth and early manhood for exhiliration and the stimulus of narcotics; even though we look at it from a business standpoint purely. He who

indulges in them must fall short of life's best ideals.

The second ideal these lives signify is that of manliness. Fix them in the heart and thought as having lived lives of integrity, unflinching uprightness, and undeviating truthfulness. George MacDonald says "To know one person who is absolutely to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature than all the sermons he ever heard or ever can hear; to be able to build up a character that others can rely on and can be absolutely trusted by those who know him, is an object worthy of any man's striving to obtain." I would that young men every where could get in love with the late sweet-spirited Field, for he only who cultivates the spirit of the masters can hope to become a master.

I have read and reread the following description of Mr. Field by Isaac H. Clothier in *The Ladies' Home Journal:*

"He was unlike the rest of men in some ways. He was a man in every thought, in every feeling, yet he had the tender heart of a woman, with the simple nature of a child.

No man ever knew Eugene Field's true and better self but he was made better for his contact with it. He made men love children as no man ever did before him. Childhood is a sweeter thing to thousands of men because of this man's love and reverence for it. If his verses breathed of his love for childhood, his nature, when you rubbed up against it, exhailed it and you caught the glow. A child always seemed something sweeter, nobler and more sacred after Eugene Field had spoken of one to you, or had read some of his childhood verses to you. He was happiest when in the company of children; truest when he sang of them. It is not strange, then, that he was beloved of women as well as of men. And how few men there are capable of eliciting and holding the affections of both sexes. We find men popular with men but not popular with women, and vice versa. But this soulful man was loved by both. Women who knew Eugene Field always felt that they were understood. And they were. Their confidence in him was not misplaced. He never disappointed

a woman. In his eyes a woman was something sacred because she could be a mother. He always felt that a woman was in closer touch with her Creator than men are, and he said this to me of his wife once. He cherished the highest, most reverent estimate of woman-hood—a virtue women are not slow to discern in a man. And they loved him for it.

"It is not easy to see such a man leave the world. For that reason, perhaps, it was so impossible to write of him when the shock of his going was fresh. The wound at the heart seemed to stay the pen. For those who knew him best, loved him so, loved him as one is apt to love a man only once in a lifetime. His attraction was something indefinable. Faulty, as all men are, his better and higher qualities were blended in such a way as to form a magnet from which you could not loose yourself. Pettiness never found a resting-place in his nature. His heart was as big as the trees under which he was born on the old New England homestead, his generosity as free as the winds of the

West which he breathed. Perhaps too mindful was he of to-day; too regardless of the morrow, maybe. But what a to-day it was, and how he lived in it—ever thinking of others, rarely of himself. It seemed sometimes as if he worked harder only that he might give greater joy to those around him. The "dear little sweetheart" of his home, of whom he often sang so tenderly, was the dearest woman in the world to him. His family was his altar. He filled his home as few men are given to do, and yet to his friends he never stinted himself. He was too royal in his nature and of such broad sympathy and warm-heartedness that he took in every one. He loved all mankind, even to the smallest and most wretched beggar on the street.

It is not strange, then, that the world seems just a bit lonely now to some of us. The world in which he lived will never be the same without him to those with whom he shared it. Only once in a while can a man drop out of seventy millions of people, and leave behind to thousands a sense of being

actually missed. But of Eugene Field it can be said, and said truly:

> " His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man'!"

"There are some who will miss him more than others. But a definite something has dropped out of the lives of all who knew him. The world is better because he lived in it, but it also lacks something now that he has gone from it."

It was that spirit of respect for the pure and bright that saved the young Hebrew lads. They could not accept the wines and the meats proposed by the King while they held the Hebrew idea of honor and integrity as sacred. Whenever I hear a young man denouncing everybody, saying there are no unselfish hearts, no God-fearing politicians, no high-minded statesmen, no pure men and women, I set them down as having fettered all their nobler powers, for there are to be found hundreds and thousands of saintly men and women in every christian country on the face of the earth; and because good

men have lived and are living, it is easier to be good than it ever was before in the history of this world. Especially is it of advantage to those young men living in cities where manhood is tested as it cannot be tested in the quiet country-home, there everyone is conscious of the fact that he must walk straight for everybody knows him, he cannot hide, be he ever so humble a citizen; but in the great crowded city that restraint is taken away; he thinks and feels that nobody knows him or ever will know him. If he is invited to do those things which are questionable, to see the sights, visit the dens and places of crime, and is promised attentions and an introduction to those who can help him see life, unless he is governed by principle rather than association, he will flatter himself that it is but for once, no one will ever know of it, and the temptation becomes strong, and if he yields it will be easier for him to yield the second time, and there is but one thing that can save under such circumstances, and that is an all-filling, all-possessing, all controlling purpose to be and do right, such as these men represent.

Do you remember in that wonderful book of Victor Hugo, where Jean val Jean, the escaped convict, who met with the old Bishop, who lovingly extended forgiveness for Jean's great crime; have you never read his own description of the noble-hearted Bishop and his influence in making the decision that he would be something better than he had been; how the life and character of the Bishop inspired him and led to his success in securing the confidence of the citizens in the city where his crime was committed, after he was elected as Mayor of that City. The Bishop was to him a high ideal.

FOR GIRLS.

I desire to set before my readers one ideal especially applicable to them. "Let a true, pure, noble, holy womanhood" rise above all other interests as the one aim of life. Dismiss the old Mormon idea that heaven and happiness depend on being wedded to a man. Marriage is a good thing for a woman if she marry well, but she does not need to be married in order to preserve her entity before God and among His angels. Make life

one glorious reservoir of good, of blessing, of life, of peace, of joy, so that no one can meet you without going away enriched; then like the queen of the night you may wear the silvery white raiment, and shall always be beautiful, majestic and fadeless and clad in robes of righteousness, embroidered by the touch of the spirit, fearlessly enter the bridal chamber to greet the Lamb of God when he shall take to himself his chosen. In the old school of Athens Socrates and Plato insisted on their students cultivating a love for beauty in form, nature, ideals, and thoughts, and thereby rise step by step until they could enter the endless friendship of Deity; and in these years of riper scholarship and more perfect revelation no better pathway has ever been thrown up or greater inspiration revealed; there is nothing grander on earth or in heaven than a youthful heart, fully equipped, actuated by a pure love; the whole being becomes at once a delicate instrument, ready to respond to the touch of the masters in all halls and all worlds. Such queens will grace society with unaffected manners and go

a long way toward making the manners so often denounced as hypocritical and meaningless, true and significant.

The Interior in an editorial recently said:

"There are many people who are not hypocrites in any other direction, but who never live up to their manners. They are habitually polite, cordial, obliging and sympathetic to every one they meet. But practically they have not the virtues of which these manners should be, but the outward and visible sign. They have been taught, so to speak, to hang out the sign, and keep it in good order, with its letters bright and its legend clear, and there their idea of behavior ends. Not that they are vicious or unkind—but simply that the high manners have no high living behind them, and are but a mask, beneath which we suspect, dimly, a very different face from the unvarying one that we see smiling upon us.

"The sincere soul will never strive after a manner that is not the simple, outward expression of the inner man. We have no right to a fine manner unless we have the

fine nature to which it belongs any more than a beggar has the right to steal an embroidered cloak to cover his shabby rags. And the worst of it is that the delicate beauty of the cloak is, inevitably, smirched and degraded by the beggar's touch. What right has a fussy, egotistical person to a cordial, sympathetic manner? That belongs only to the warm, generous heart that it should express. What part has a selfish soul in obliging words and polite interests? None at all. And it is because of this appropriation, by unworthy persons, of the manners that do not belong to them, that good manners are so often discredited in the eyes of those who have been deceived by their false owners; while, on the other hand. sincerity often takes refuge, most unwisely, in a brusqueness that is not really native to it. The real truth lies between these two mistakes. Let us use just as much of high manners as we have attained to in our hearts, not resting, year after year, until we attain more, and yet more, of beautiful outward expression, yet always guarding against the

assumption of more than we have truly conquered and possessed. So the manners and the nature will grow together, each reacting upon and developing the other, until the gracious beauty of the one will be but the transparent glass through which the fine harmony of the other is manifest; and so we shall know, and show, the true meaning of manners."

Young friends, if you would know the secret of being self-reliant and not self conceited, courteous and gentle and not weak and feminate, refined and not affected, courageous and not wreckless, cultivate an active brain and a pure heart, be positive and aggressive, and with honor, virtue and love pursue the highest ideals, until all positions in all cities and worlds are open to you and the Master presents you before the angels to be knighted at the hand of God in heaven.

The Image of the Master.

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred that scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer, and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the bishop returned, and, as he saw the picture in its frame on the wall, he was start'ed. It seemed as if his child were living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists that were there also. The artist, however, had brought it out in strong, living beauty until it was like life in its tender charm. In every true disciple of Christ there is the image of the Master. It may be very dim. Its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness more and more clearly, until at last it shines in undimmed beauty. This is what Christ is doing in many of his ways with us.

"Who from unsightly bulb or slender root
Could guess aright
The story of the flower, the fern, the fruit
In summer's height?
Through tremulous shadows voices call to me,
'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"

—J. R. Miller, D. D

NINTH ADDRESS.

Helps For Young Men.

Where there is no vision the people perish.
---Solomon, Prov. 29-18.

No wrath of men or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage or them can alter him;
But what he doth at first intend;
That he holds firmly to the end.
—Robert Herrick.

Cheerily on the ax of labor
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of saber,
Or the gleam of lance.
—Whittier.

From labor health,
From health contentment springs.
—Beattie.

HELPS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Age is not always a matter of years, but it is that of futures. A man is old when he has no future. With some this comes at 25, with others 95. There are scores in our villages and hundreds in our cities who haven't had any future since Bull Run, Corinth, Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, or some other battle of the Sixties. They were old at that time, and have been living in and dreaming of the past ever since. I do not speak of this slurringly; nay, not in the least—I honor them—but the fact and its influence on the life of the individual and society is what I call attention to. There were other men in those battles who were not fortunate enough to have been hit; or, if they were, have not been able to secure a pension; hence, having no time to think or talk, they have been at work, reaching up and out into the unfolding future, and are young though 60 years are with them. They were lifted or driven out of dream-land into work-land, with

hope, and are now fresh, happy and successful, in state and church responsibilities.

Because of this, I name Visions as one of the helps for young men. Cultivate visions. By this you will escape despondency, pessimism, and despair. It is the continued unchanging and unchangeable demands that worry and waste the average life. Variety is indispensible to the highest and best type of life. If our fields were to bring forth 100,000,000 bushels annually, and our orchards as many bushels of apples, and prices were to hold steady at $1.00 for wheat and 50 cents for apples, and other interests be held in keeping with these standards, men would become so discontented, unhappy and despondent that suicide would crowd our newspapers daily. It is far better for man and society that wheat crops be cut off occasionally, and prices vary from 37 cents to $1.15 per bushel, so that men may rise into mountain peaks and sink into valley shadows, and escape the dullness and weariness of the dead level; for it is the constantly traveled road that brings forth but one harvest, and

that is dust. Nothing is more debilitating to youth than to dream of an empty past. Some old men may find real pleasure in dreams, for they have lived long enough and well enough to have had experiences worth re-living. But for enthusiasm and passion to be forced into the past and compelled to sit in the shadow of some deed or heroic conflict, little achievement, or successful adventure of youth, cease to grow, and be compelled to recite by day and dream by night of that little deed, is certainly a sad thing; and such is every visionless life. Every life that has nothing to reach after or strive for, will begin at once to retrograde, debilitate and die. Visions map out a future more blessed. They see the best life offers and inspire the man to plan for it. They beget energy and effort, until hope comes home with its olive branch of promise. Some say that visionary men always become fanatics; but that class of men never work up to the vision; they see the gift but go not after it. God has ordered that all men work out or up to their visions before they can secure the

full fruition of hope. When the mountains offer their sheltered bosom for observation and study, distance and climbing stand between the student and that which his vision promises. Visions call on all young men to put away their dreams until they shall have climbed all mountains, opened all mines, measured all skies, sailed all seas, solved all problems. Then they will have something in mind worth dreaming about, and old age will never come. But will not such experiences lead to divisions, estrangements, and hopeless separations? No, every body of men needs some good leader to inspire them for their best work, and good leadership is inspired by future stores, to be secured and appropriated by men who are not only in need of promised good, but believe it possible to secure it. We need some good leaders with visions of good to create a general—yea, universal—inspiration in church and state.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, in an address to young clergymen, once said: "If the church is not inspired, the ministry will not be, for the ministry is for the church,

not the church for the ministry. He who is not ordained by the priesthood of the people, is not ordained, no matter how many jeweled hands have been laid on his head." The inspiration of the people gives the man a better conception and greater help than the inspiration of any body of men that may be or have been chosen from among the people. The age wants religion without cant, faith without effeminacy, and hope that is not presumptuous.

The second help I suggest, is that of the incarnation of some purpose sufficient to tax every power of the man, not simply one faculty or some part of his nature, but the man.

You may have seen trees that were blown over in time of storm, three fourths or seven eights of the roots unearthed. Most of the limbs were leafless and fruitless, but there were a few very large apples on the under limbs. Why this condition of things? Those unearthed, unemployed roots were dead, and all the tree sustained by them in former years was dead.

So there are millions in this age who may

be termed lopsided men; men who have no connection with the world other than through one line of thought or effort. They never think of anything other than their work; hence the brain becomes weak and inactive. You can find iron welders in our great factories who are entirely ignorant of everything on earth outside of their room; weavers, ministers and teachers, reformers and theorists, who are so ignorant of law and results, cause and effect, as not to be able to answer the commonest question in the primary department of life, yet proffering their counsel with an air of general sufficiency that angels never think of assuming; christians who have never grown one iota since they were converted—they run down in public prayer like an old clock with weights.

There was a time in the history of Jerusalem when the king ordered it swept in view of finding one man who executed judgment and sought for truth. There were thousands who answered to roll call, but there were none in all the city that could claim the manliness of Shakespeare's Brutus.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say of him: 'This is a man.'"

There is a little incident in the life of Nelson which shows the value of purpose. When but fourteen years old he saw a polar bear attack an English soldier. Seizing a handspike, he rushed at the beast with a boldness that put the bear to flight. When one of England's private soldiers chided him for his wrecklessness he said: "It was duty, and when duty calls I know no fear." That act showed a manliness that characterized his whole career. He could not have stood before our pugilists for one minute, but in time of national honor he was worth more than a regiment of pugilists. He had a sense of duty that possessed, directed and inspired him—a purpose large enough to hold him in emergencies. Brilliancy and position without purpose are weak.

When Alcibiades came into the arena of Grecian conquest, the world looked to him for great things. He was well born, fair to look on, eloquent in speech, well educated;

but Greece needed some leader with manliness and heroism—which he had not—hence he helped to ruin rather than save the kingdom. He lacked purpose, and lived and died a brilliant failure, consumed by the fires of his own thought.

How different the life of Baxter; feeble in body, environments most forbidding, yet with a sublime purpose, he lifted single-handed one of England's worst districts and shook it in the breeze of heaven until it was purified.

A careful, observing mind may find, any night, an innumerable company of active, sensitive minds, discussing the question of why things don't impress them as they did; why truths don't interest them as they once did. To the teacher this is easily answered. He knows that they have changed their associations, chosen other companions, and unconsciously taken on other life, such as brings forth results not looked for or anticipated. Perhaps they have undertaken to regain their old time sense of honor and self-respect without breaking their old com

panionships. They honestly denounce sin, seek God, and mean to be good. They go to the altar, attend Sunday school, and yet they are not converted. Men despair of ever reaching them by an appeal that can be made to the conscience, simply because they will not give up their wicked companions. They have no purpose sufficiently strong to control them when under temptation or in conflicts.

Some years ago a young man in Pittsburg, aroused and led to take steps toward his conversion, still clung to his old companions and drifted back into his wonted course of sin. He married a beautiful young woman, who held him in society. One day it was rumored that Smith had sold out his saloon. Two of his neighbors met and asked if it were so. Said one: "And well he might, for Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors—all boys—the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of citizen; never

drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family. Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or away from home for some reason. He went on through the house into the back yard; and there under an apple tree were the little fellows, playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing saloon. He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist and was setting them up pretty freely. Smith walked over and looked into the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so intoxicated that they staggered; a neighbor's boy lay asleep in a drunken stupor. 'My dear boy, you must not drink that,' he said, as he lifted his six-year-old boy to his bosom. 'Why, papa, we's playing saloon, and I was selling it just like you do.'" The father never sold any more. He awoke to the fact that his boy was proudly taking on the life of the father, with whom he associated. Then and there he yielded to a purpose never

to sell another glass of intoxicating liquor. That was the secret of his reformation.

The next great help is a habit of industry. There are hundreds and thousands of men in this country who are not lazy; but they are idlers. They have never learned the value of time, or how to be profitably employed. Habits of industry would soon remove that congestion that now causes our large cities to groan with poverty and distress. He who inspires men to cultivate habits of industry is worthy of great honor and will find his reward.

It was work that gave Dickens his success. While in Boston, during his second visit, he strictly secluded himself from all friends, save one or two, and studied carefully his own writings before reading in the evening, though he had given them five hundred times, he said he could not think of reading a new poem or any part of it without, at least, spending two months in preparation. On one occasion some choice friends called the day before he was to read in the evening, and he said, "I am expected to be at my

best to-night–how can I unless I take time to get ready. Good morning.'' Here we find the secret of Dicken's success.

The same was true of Jennie Lind. Often her friends were greeted with a piece of music in hand, and after a word, she would hum through a hard passage; if satisfactorily rendered she would chat away for a time; but if not, she would excuse herself, saying ''Friends, I must conquer this music.'' Of her the fathers never tire talking.

Even Sheridan's witticisms, which always seemed to be spontaneous and impromptu, were most carefully prepared, as it has been proven; and we shall find, if we come to know the men of genius, that they were men of untiring effort, for there is no genius like that of hard work.

Industry ought to trouble the whole earth, and remove congestion, so that our cities would not groan with poverty and distress, and work would be found for all men. Industry ought to teach us how to do all things with self respect. So often men only know how to do the work that is pleasing to them,

and some are so elated by a little petty office as to forbid their ever doing anything for practical industry.

But, sir, you have forgotten that most men are without capital, and hence cannot do if they would. This is not quite true. Capital is not always represented by dollars and cents· some men would be without capital if they had thousands of dollars, while others who have not one dollar have all the capital they need in being able to make themselves current in our markets. Worth is not in circumstances, times, advantages nor currency; but in a thoughtful head, directing an industrious spirit, to create circumstances, mold events, utilize matter, and make all things current, every man ought to become lord of circumstances, not clay to be molded by them. To surrender is to take the place of clay; to break the chain of circumstances and create new, is to be potters of one's own clay. That all men are somewhat dependent on circumstances, I admit; but that any man may make circumstances bow to his will, I urge; and none can hope to succeed until he

is lord of the circumstances that surround him.

If an artist fails it is because he dreams the time away that ought to be given to work. "Know thy work and do it," was Carlyle's motto. This is the true mission of life. Industry brings joy unspeakable, fame immortal, with wealth eternal.

Tennyson sings of the brook:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

Let not this beautiful couplet immortalize the brook and minify the lives of men, but lift up your eyes and look, for

"The fields are white to harvest,
The days are speeding by;
Go work again ye workers
And work until ye die.

Yea, the night of death approaches,
And angels in the sky
Repeat the chorus ever,
Go, work, and never die."

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